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Vol. CXLIX No. 1941 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — APRIL 3 1937

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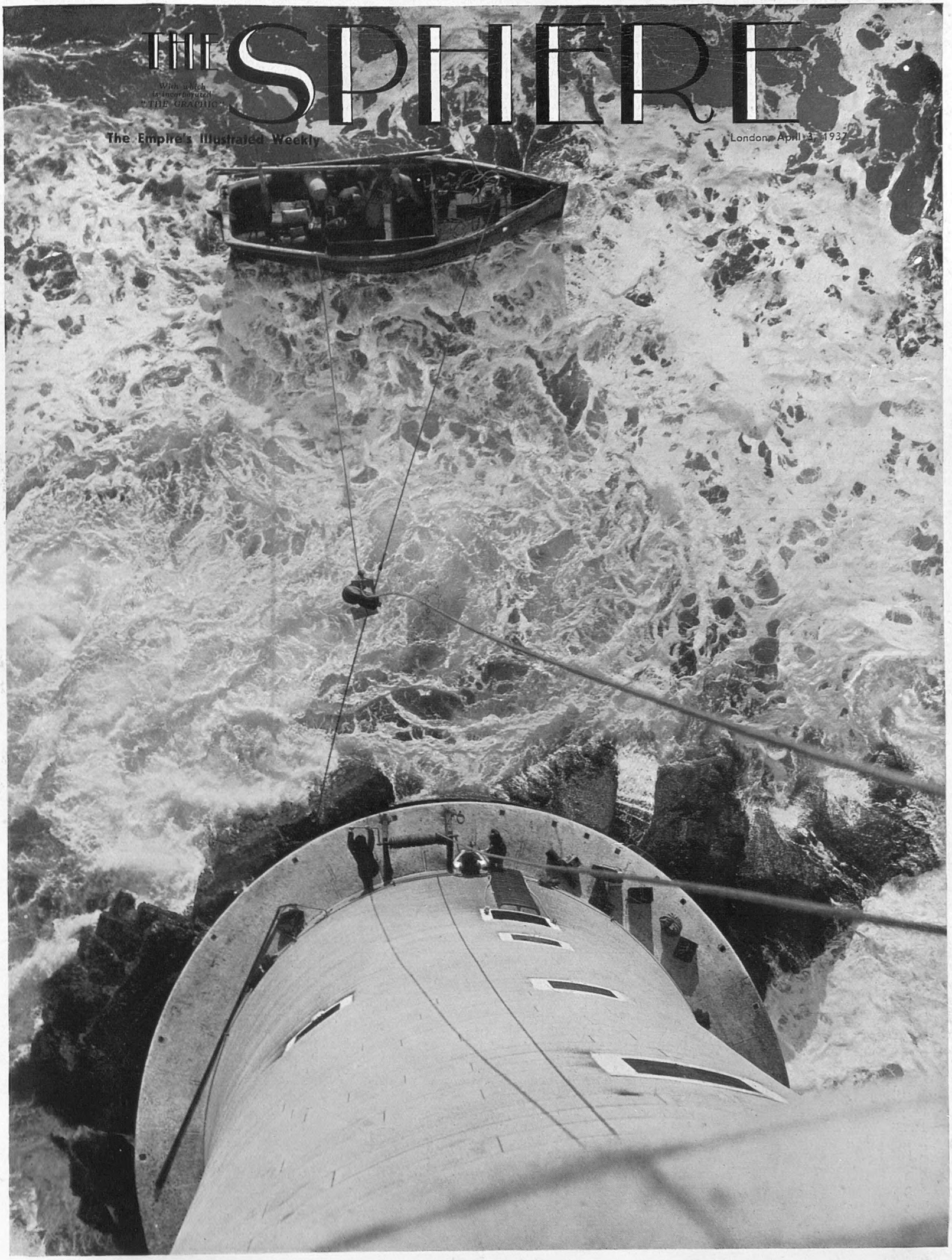
ORIENT LINE CRUISES

Volume CXLIX No. 1941

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 3, 1937



Easter Relief of "the Bishop"

Hoisting Supplies into the Famous Lighthouse Off the Scillies While a Boiling Sea Raged Below

The Bishop Rock lighthouse, which flashes its warning to mariners telling of the nearness of Scilly's treacherous reefs where in years gone by such a host of mighty ships have met their doom, and renowned to-day as a starting and finishing post in the contest for the Western Ocean's blue riband, is seldom long absent from the news in winter. From October to April it is lashed by fierce seas, and often its keepers are marooned for weeks on end, the relief boat, sturdy as she is, being quite unable to get within striking distance and the men perforce having to remain on duty and broach the emergency rations. A month before Easter a relief was due, but day after day went by and attempt after attempt to make contact failed. Eventually, as this dramatic picture shows, the task was accomplished; keepers were exchanged by ropeway, the outgoing men getting home just in time for the holidays, and further food supplies sent across. To the world at large reliefs such as this are dramatic in the extreme, but to the men in the service they are taken for granted and the hazards of their calling are really looked upon as part and parcel of the routine

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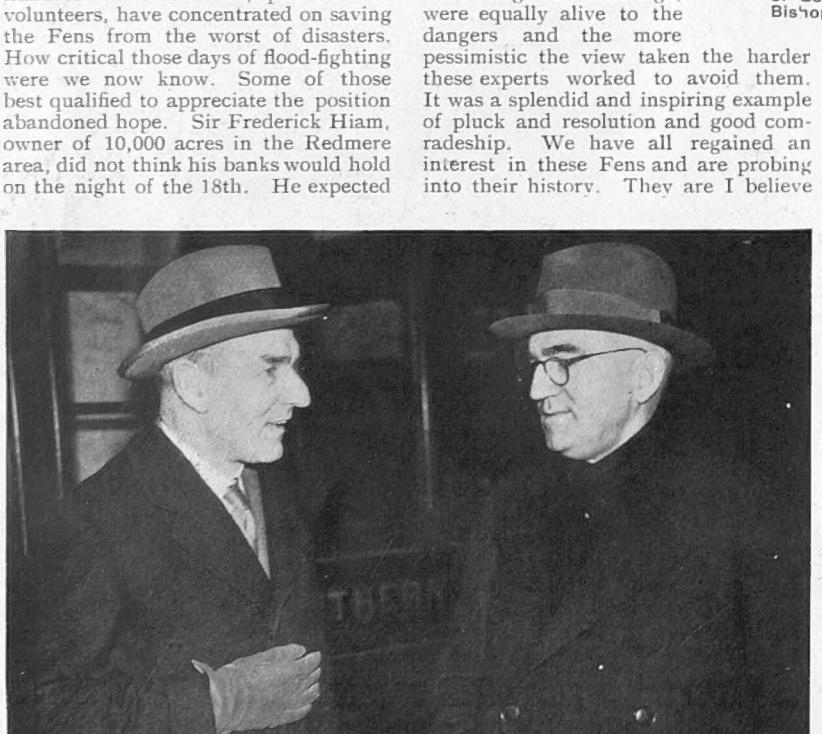
MASS MARRIAGE IN LONDON: Mr. Walter Grimaldi, of the White Hart Lane Register Office, Tottenham, congratulating some of the sixty couples whom he married last Saturday—the peak day of the Easter wedding rush. Register offices throughout the country were as usual taxed to capacity and the ceremonies followed so closely on each other that they had to be timed almost to the second

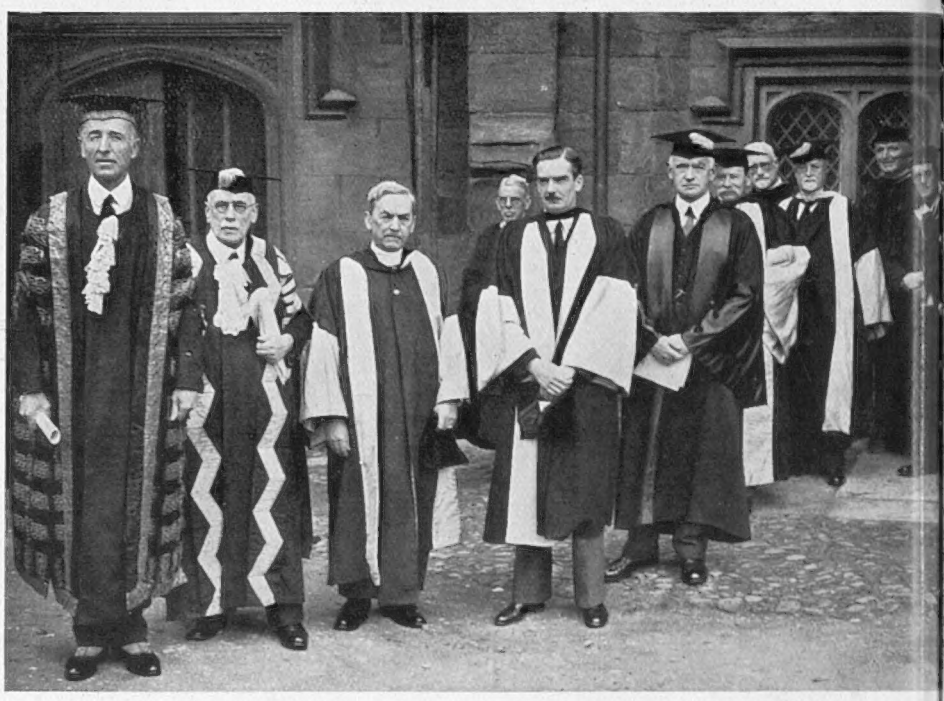
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.
Wednesday, March 31, 1937.

BRITAIN'S OHIO.—Our own floods are perhaps a small thing compared with the late tragedy in the States which I have been blamed for calling an act of God, because of man's grave responsibility. But the Fen floods were serious enough; science did a great deal if not all it could to render that valuable farming land proof against the worst visitations of weather, and all the best engineering brains and the labours of hundreds of stout men, pressed and volunteers, have concentrated on saving the Fens from the worst of disasters. How critical those days of flood-fighting were we now know. Some of those best qualified to appreciate the position abandoned hope. Sir Frederick Hiam, owner of 10,000 acres in the Redmere area, did not think his banks would hold on the night of the 18th. He expected a continuous flood from Redmere to Mildenhall, and he backed his opinion by the costly expedient of moving 10,000 tons of potatoes, a thousand sheep and lambs, and scores of pedigree cattle to higher ground. Other local wizards remembered the great Fen floods of 1914 and expected even worse ruin. Mr. Martin of the Catchment Board Committee and Mr. Borer, the Chief Engineer in charge, were equally alive to the dangers and the more pessimistic the view taken the harder these experts worked to avoid them. It was a splendid and inspiring example of pluck and resolution and good comradeship. We have all regained an interest in these Fens and are probing into their history. They are I believe a silted bay of the North Sea, in point of fact, and the Wash is a relic of their former state. It is said that the Romans first attempted to drain them and the relics of their earth banks remain. Miss Scott Thompson's recent book on the Woburn papers reminds us that Francis, Earl of Bedford, spent time and money (temp. Charles I) in completing the great work of draining the Bedford Level in the Great Ouse district. The recent history of the drainage scheme is fresh in memory.



THE FIRST EMPIRE PREMIER TO ARRIVE IN LONDON FOR THE CORONATION: Mr. William Forgan Smith (right), Prime Minister of Queensland, being greeted by Sir Edward Harding of the Dominions Office, at Waterloo. Mr. Smith had reached Southampton earlier in the day in the Imperial Airways flying-boat, *Capella*, from Alexandria on the last stage of his 12,000-mile flight from Australia. He had an adventurous journey and was held up by a cyclone at Darwin, Northern Territory



THE FOREIGN SECRETARY HONOURED: Mr. Anthony Eden went to Durham University last we to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law and is pictured here with the Marque of Londonderry (left), Chancellor, who presided; Sir Robert Bolam, the Vice Chancellor; t Bishop of Durham; and Sir William Marris (fifth from left), principal of Armstrong Col

WIRELESS AND RAIN.—My Sussex Jeremiahs have received swift support. These prophets, as mentioned last week, "prophesied doom" under various headings. Electric light and rheumatism for cottagers; good milk and bad teeth for adults; and wireless and ceaseless rain for civilisation. Mr. W. Addison (a former Commissioner in Sierra Leone) tells us that the Dutch Government set up a wireless station on the island of Curaçao. As soon as it got going, the Curaçao planters began to have plentiful rains. Previously rain always avoided the island. The station was dismantled and the rain ceased. So the planters clubbed together and replaced it and now it never ceases to rain. *Q.E.D.* Mr. Addison (who is not a planter) says that wireless must be controlled if it brings bad weather—and on the whole I think sunshine is to be preferred to radio talks and radio variety. Here is work for another Royal Commission, and as "saturation point" has been reached both in the number of wireless users and in the soil of Britain, that Commission should be set up without delay.

THE SPIDER TO THE FLY.—"Will you walk into my parlour?" said Mr. Duff Cooper to the suitable recruit. "It will show every modern convenience. It is largely labour-saving and whatever fatigues remain, you will not be asked to do them. Civilian chars and scullions will take over those duties from you. The bad old days are over. For 'margarine' read 'butter.' For 'stoppages' read 'bonuses,' for 'skilly' read 'four square meals.' The phrase 'a barrack' will acquire a new meaning. It will mean a place of charm and of recreation. There will be taps and plugs everywhere to turn on 'hot and cold' and wireless talks on improving subjects, and variety, and colour. Training for war will be fitted in if training for peace time occupations permits. *Mors janua vitae.* The Army is the gateway to lucrative civilian employment. Even the Territorial is remembered. For "bug-shooter" read "second line specialist." The old idea of the spider's web is dead as Queen Anne. The fly proves too fly. You must bait your trap with real Devonshire butter and strew the path to it with primroses if you wish to catch recruits, or for that matter babies, in the troubled era of disillusion in which we live. You must say it with bonuses—and big bonuses. Even so, it is a disagreeable task to announce concessions long, long overdue and to wipe out old grievances at the point of the economic pistol. The "King's shilling" proved utterly unattractive. It tempted no one from the dole. The "King's half-sovereign" is now laid obtrusively on the edge of the till. Perhaps it will accomplish what in old days patriotism or love of adventure accomplished. But it is an expensive expedient and we remember with what wonderful spirit those generations of Tommy Atkins, who endured the skilly and the fatigues and the antiquated barracks and the sergeant-major's insults, took the field when the trouble came. Will the peach-fed product show the same spirit? The old cheeseparing and neglect provided at least a gruelling test for fitness and discipline under war conditions.

DUKE OF WINDSOR'S TOUT COURT.—The week-end Press expressed surprise that the new effective patent of the Dukedom of Windsor did not include any bestowal of minor titles. It is true that no ordinary dukedom in the peerage is without minor titles from which courtesy titles for eldest sons and the eldest sons of eldest sons can be found; though as a fact the Dukedom of Somerset possesses only one and that a barony (of Seymour) so that the heir's eldest son is merely an Honourable, whereas the eldest son of a duke's heir is usually an Earl and in no

HIS THEATRE IS UNFAIR TO STRIP-TEASE DANCERS" was the message borne by sandwich-board men parading outside the London Palladium last Monday night when *Swing is in the Air* had its première. Miss Ray, the American "strip-tease" artiste, was not in the cast as the management had decided that her act was not suitable. She had been paid her salary and expenses

her case of lower rank than Baron. at in the case of a Royal dukedom, ch minor titles are of less importance r two generations (if importance can be tached to such questions at all). The uke of Windsor's eldest son, if he had e, would be a Prince of Windsor as ould his younger sons. His eldest son ould succeed to his dukedom and *his* dest son would be the first to feel the mission of junior titles. The heir of the cond Duke of Windsor would have no tle save the courtesy title of "Lord" ront of his Christian name, as would s younger brother. That presumably ould not prevent his succeeding to the u edom on his father's death. In the ir l generation the title of Prince would e out, as in the case of all Royalties t in the direct succession. The Duke Windsor, incidentally, is not in the c ession at all. Every one of the thou- n s of private individuals who figure I uvigny's *Blood Royal of England* r arer than he to succession to the r ne. I believe that those are the facts, d I do not think there is anything to e nt a subsequent bestowal by patent a lesser title on the Duke of Windsor, t e Sovereign thinks fit, and if a ne ration hence the bestowal of titles is ll practised anywhere on the earth's ce.

IT PAYS TO GOVERN?—

he new Ministerial salaries Bill follows e expected lines. Premier and Lord hancellor will be henceforth both on e £10,000 a year footing. All other binet Ministers will receive £5,000 a ar. The Leader of the Opposition will me on the pay roll at £2,000 a year, item which admits the principle that position is healthy and vital while not mitting the principle of party warfare British politics. If that be possible? es it mean that when a National vernment is in power, the Leader of Opposition is anti-National? If so, at can anti-national mean but pro- rty government? Ex-Premiers in ure will also be entitled to draw a sion of £2,000, but no more if they uld come to lead the Opposition. th his usual delicacy, Mr. Baldwin s held this measure of reform over il he can no longer benefit by the rease in salary payable to a Premier, it may be he will renounce his doubted right to a pension. But all iticians are not so quixotic as he, and country generally will endorse the asure as just and overdue. No ary can compensate a Premier for the ain which the chief responsibility these days throws on his reserves of lth and strength. The responsi- ities ever increase while the sweets power and office grow less. The perament which gives endurance der the appalling strain is very rare and no sane man would take it on if he were not assured of possessing that rarity—none would aim at the Premier-ship for its monetary rewards if the salary were £100,000 a year. It is a dangerous trade, if any is such.

THE DUCE AND ALL.—

Fresh from his triumph in Libya, the Duce has returned to Rome. There is never a rose without a thorn and while he was personally adding bay leaves to the Emperor's imperial chaplet, the army of Italy on the Spanish front was stripping bay leaves recklessly off. The bright shield of Italian militarism was tarnished. It seems that 50,000 (but let us delete the last nought to avoid being ridiculous) Italian troops melted before the hot sun of Communism—like ice-cream. "Ice-creams" is a name deemed to have been buried and forgotten for a decade. If reports from the Spanish fronts are to be credited (and they seldom are) these Italians ran like hares and left a vast booty of war material in the hands of the Government forces at Brihuega. Franco and his allies, it is said, will have to contrive some notable success to re-establish their reputations and restore the morale of their men. It is said he has already shot some to encourage the others. The Government victory was no doubt rather a triumph of propaganda in its announcement than a triumph of "Army Corps" over "Army Corps" in the bloody field. Franco, despite non-intervention pacts, has enormous resources still to his hand which he cannot yet employ on his narrow fronts, and a great weight of world backing behind him. But there have been interesting tests and experiments carried out on Europe's military trials-course, and it won't suit the Duce that the world should read of Roman legionaries running like hares and melting away like ice-creams. Dictators are curiously thin-skinned for persons perpetually in the limelight. Your democratic Premier doesn't give a damn what the half-penny Press says of him or his motives. But your Dictator is driven frantic with annoyance if an exuberant reporter reports that he shortened his programme by an hour here or there, or declares that he is a meat-eater when he lives entirely on salad or vice-versa. A curious "pint" of psychology.

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.—

The Duchess of Bedford was taking risks not confined to her own life when she set off on a solo flight from Woburn on March 22. She took off in her own Moth with petrol for three hours flying at the most at half-past three on an afternoon which promised snowstorms. She was seventy-one years old, and had apparently lately been suffering from attacks of dizziness. In the circumstances of her age and health and the weather conditions, she should never have taken the air in charge of the machine, and air regulations should in the public interest prevent solo flights by persons of that age. A score of machines and thousands of individuals were out searching for her. Her rashness does not affect one's admiration for her pluck. She was very keen to qualify for her B certificate by 200 hours flying, and she began her flying initiation by conquering a form of claustrophobia—a fear of heights—the handicap of which those who have experienced it will comprehend. The Duchess was a daughter of Archdeacon Tribe of Lahore, and married the 11th Duke (who is eighty years old) in 1888. She recently purchased the charming estate of Wispers, near Midhurst in Sussex, which she first inspected from the air and equipped with a landing ground.

THE BOAT RACE.—

The eighty-ninth contest between the "rival blues" began with more than ordinary interest under a sun which could almost be called blistering. Snow before it and snow promised after it, but—an interlude of rare brightness on a Wednesday instead of the customary Saturday. We were all younger and living in a forgotten age when last Oxford won, though in the long series they ranked but seven points behind their rivals. The crews were recruited as follows:—Eton 4, Winchester 2, Westminster 2, Radley 1, St. Paul's 1, Oundle 1, Clifton 1, Monckton Combe 1, St. Edward's 1, Wimbledon 1, overseas schools 1. The "dark blues" averaged 8 lb. heavier, and Lord! what a lot of pounds they lost in training. Oxford was "expected to win," but the tell-tale odds showed what the shrewd business man thought about it all, 7 to 4 on Cambridge. Cambridge won the toss and took the Surrey side. Off they went. A handkerchief would have covered them for half the distance. Oxford shot Barnes Bridge a length ahead and thereafter was safe, bar accident. After thirteen years of eclipse the dark blues hoist their colours again. It is time enough. It was a slow race, but only from the point of Father Time.

THE OLD STAGER

STAR ROMANCE: Buddy Rogers, the American film actor, and Mary Pickford, "world's sweetheart" of the silent days pictured at Waterloo Station as they were about to board the *Bremen* boat train. Buddy was on his way back to America and Mary was accompanying him as far as Cherbourg

BURIAL OF FRANK VOSPER: The scene at the graveside as the body of the noted actor and playwright was laid to rest in the little churchyard of Plympton St. Mary, near Plymouth, within twenty miles of the spot where he so mysteriously disappeared from the liner *Paris*. It was thought that the body would never be recovered and it was a matter for some surprise when it was discovered near Beachy Head, having drifted 225 miles. Among those at the funeral was Mr. Vosper's friend, Mr. Peter Willes

EASTER PARADE

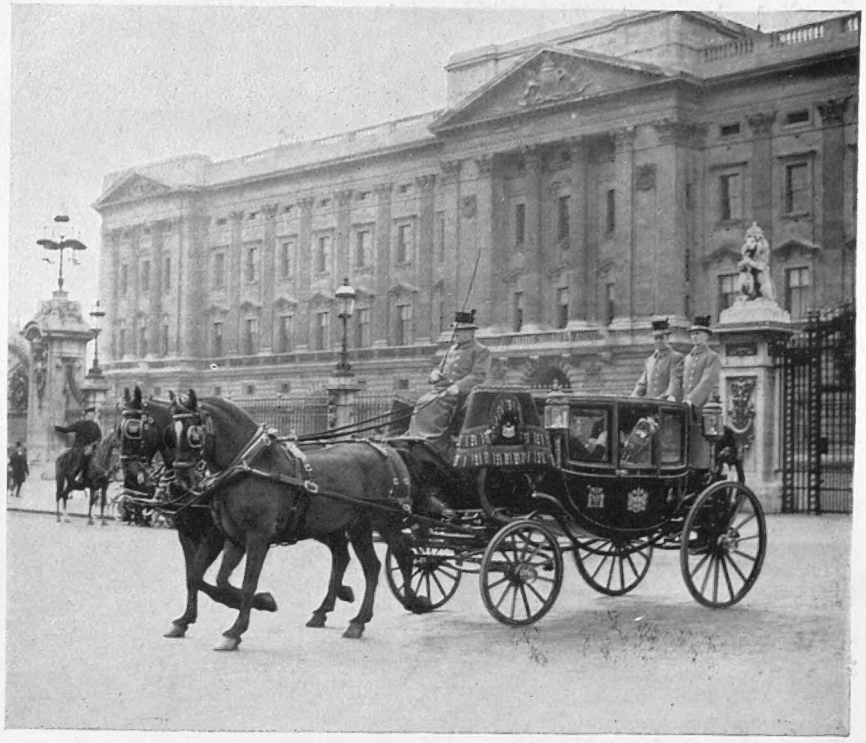
NOTORIOUS BEGGAR'S ROOST: Competitors near the foot of the famous hill, near Lynton, Devonshire, during the Easter motor reliability trial between London and Land's End. The gradient there averages 1 in 4 and is the stiffest obstacle on the route

A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL: Spectators hauling Mr. C. S. Burleigh's Morris up Beggar's Roost, Devon, during the London to Land's E motor reliability trial. A number of competitors had to be helped in this wa

BANK HOLIDAY THRILLS AT BROOKLANDS: Competitors in the Second Easter Mounta Handicap travelling at speed on the famous Weybridge track where, in spite of the cold, the was the usual large attendance. In the chief event of the day, the Broadcast Trophy Handica John Cobb, driving his giant Napier-Railton, averaged 136·03 m.p.h.—a new Brooklands reco

TROUBLE BREWING: This great fissure has appeared on the downland behind Beachy Head and is gradually widening as a result of heavy rain. Sooner or later there will be a tremendous landslide

ALL OUT: Another impression of the racing at the Brooklands Bank Holiday meeting—the first the year. Ranking next in interest to Cobb's record-breaking performance was the effort Prince Birabongse of Siam, who just failed to catch W. Esplen in the third mountain handic



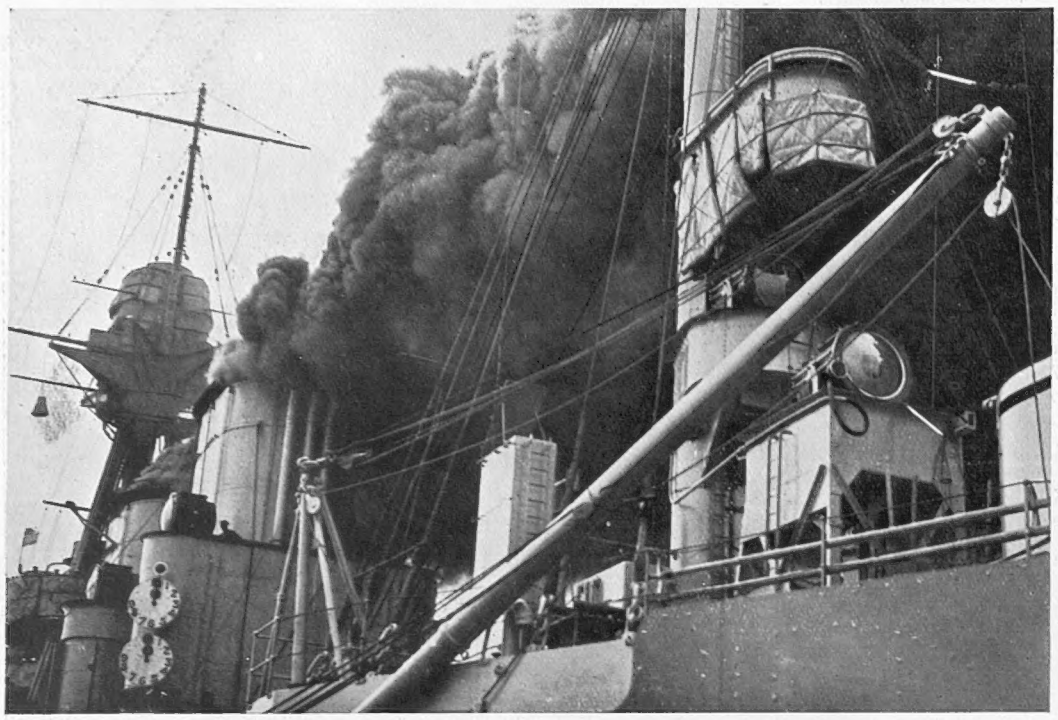
CEREMONIAL AT THE PALACE: On Thursday of last week the King received Addresses from a number of public bodies, known as the Privileged Bodies, containing expressions of loyalty and congratulations on his accession to the Throne; the Corporations of the Cities of London and Edinburgh, the Royal Academy of Arts, the Jewish Board of Deputies, the Governor and Company of the Bank, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster being among those represented. *Left*—The official cars arriving at the main entrance. *Above*—The Lord Mayor of London's coach and pair leaving, the Mace jutting through the window

HE "DIGGERS" ARRIVE: The Australian Coronation contingent, consisting of 150 officers and men drawn from the Army, Navy, and Air Force, leaving St. Pancras at the start of their march to Wellington Barracks on arrival in London on the eve of the holidays. The men, with their bronzed countenances and emu feather headdresses, were a striking sight, and aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators as they passed through the thronged streets, headed by the band of the Coldstreams

SENDING-IN DAY AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: A number of oil paintings being unloaded from a lorry before being submitted to the Royal Academy selection committee for judging

ART EN MASSE: Unloading a batch of paintings from Hampstead studios; another aspect of sending-in day at the Royal Academy. The number of canvases submitted is above the average

ARTISTRY ON THE PAVEMENT: One of the larger portraits arriving at the Royal Academy on sending-in day. Many of the artists, fearful that their works may be damaged in transit and that the labour of many months will go for nothing, bring their pictures along personally, usually by taxi



A "QUEEN ELIZABETH" CLASS BATTLESHIP MAKING A SMOKE SCREEN AFTER COALING: A picture taken when the ships of this class had two funnels and were coal fuelled. Now they have one funnel and use oil, the advantages of which are outlined below by Lieut-Commander Edwards

A "BURNING" QUESTION

"The Sphere's" Naval Correspondent Looks into the Problem of Coal or Oil for the Navy and Shows that a Return to the Former Method of Fuelling Would be Impracticable

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS

THE motorist is paying more for his petrol. Thus is it brought home to the general public that the world demand for oil fuel has increased enormously in recent months. The law of supply and demand holds good, but in this case the rise in prices has been due not to supplies of oil showing signs of falling below the demand, but to failure of the transport facilities to cope with the increased demand. From the Persian Gulf to Great Britain the freight has risen from 21s. per ton to 40s. per ton. From Trinidad the freight has risen from 8s. per ton to 22s. per ton.

These increases in freights are due to the fact that there is a shortage of tankers to supply the demands of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan at a time when all are clamouring for oil to store up in case war should come.

This fact should give us furiously to think. Should war come it is unlikely that the demand of any one of the countries named would decrease. For those engaged in war the demand would certainly show enormous increases even over the present figures of imports. Add to this the fact that a certain number of tankers must obviously become casualties and we see that there is every likelihood of the shortage of oil deliveries becoming a vital issue. It is precisely because this fact is recognised by all the nations who are increasing their armaments and are dependent upon oil supplies from overseas that the arming nations are now busily laying up reserves of oil.

WASH AND BRUSH UP: Cleaning a battle cruiser after coaling

Modern armaments have become almost entirely dependent upon oil. Without oil the navies could not put to sea, the air forces could not leave their aerodromes, and a very small proportion of the armies could do battle. If all the oil supplies of the world could be cornered by an organisation which put peace before profit it would be able to veto war. But that time has not yet come.

Great Britain is the only country which possesses large quantities of coal of the highest qualities. Yet in the past two decades this country, and the whole Empire, has been becoming progressively more dependent upon oil imported from overseas. On the face of it it looks as if we had been following a policy of stark madness, for not only have we given vast hostages to fortune, but we have encouraged the decline of one of our greatest industries.

To some extent this is true, but in many respects the accusation is unjust. Much of our dependence upon oil is due to the perfection of the internal combustion engine, which in turn made the aeroplane a force to be reckoned with. It has also made the army dependent upon oil. There are many who contend that the mechanisation of the army is going too far, but there is no denying that the tank is a necessary adjunct to an army to-day, or that the tractor does not tire as does the horse.

But what of the sea services? To-day there is not a single considerable warship in the British Navy capable of burning coal, and the vast majority of the tonnage of the Merchant Navy is oil burning.

Let us consider first the case of the Royal Navy. From the strategical point of view there would seem to be enormous advantages in the use of coal. But this is not really so. The Royal Navy has to operate all over the world. In nearly all foreign stations indigenous coal of good quality does not exist. Therefore, coal would have to be exported and stored. Coal deteriorates when stored, while oil is unaffected—in fact, it is often improved by the settling out of any water that it may contain.

Oil is, of course, the more efficient fuel because of its higher calorific value. This and the ease of handling give it a tremendous advantage over coal for naval use. To burn coal in a warship to-day and pit it against oil-burning warships would be somewhat like putting our mobile police into coal-fired steam wagons and expecting them to catch and deal with sports cars.

In the Navy ships seldom steam at the same speed for any length of time. In war they must always be ready to jump to high speed at any moment. This is achieved far better with oil than with coal. Then there is the question of smoke. Engineering developments have made it possible to burn coal almost without smoke provided that the steaming conditions are constant. But in the Navy they are seldom constant, particularly in war. Oil can be burnt without smoke even when the engine revolutions are required to show large changes. Moreover, oil can be made to produce a dense smoke screen at a second's notice—a very valuable tactical advantage.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of oil over coal for naval use is the fact that oil leaves no residue when it is burnt. In a coal-fired ship the fires have to be constantly cleaned. In practice this means that when a warship has been at sea a few hours it will never have its full power available. This is a serious handicap and it is reflected in the fact that the modern oil-fired warship has far fewer boilers than the coal-fired ships of twenty-five years ago. Some of this decrease in the number of boilers is due to advance in engineering practice, but some is due to the fact that with oil there is no need to have reserve boilers to allow for the incessant cleaning of fires.

Naturally, the reduction in the number of boilers necessary has resulted in more space and weight being available for guns and ammunition. This oil burning allows of a more efficient fighting ship being built upon a specified tonnage.

It has been held that the use of coal would add protection to a ship and so allow of some of the armour being done away with. But naval designers do not accept this theory. They contend that oil permits of better protection because it can be stowed in small sub-divided tanks instead of the large bunkers necessary for the working of coal. Moreover, to rely upon coal for protection would mean that the ship would have a varying power of withstanding gunfire, which would have to be taken into account in every action.

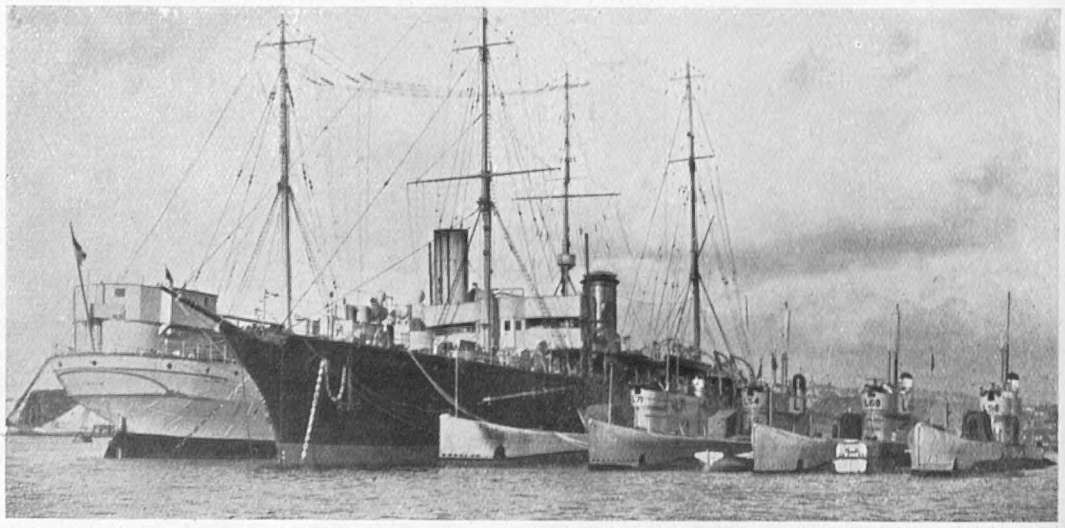
The effect of oil burning by the Navy upon the coal fields is usually grossly exaggerated. If the whole Navy went back to coal it would consume less than 2 per cent. of the total output of the coal fields.

New methods of burning coal have been tried, but they suffer from disadvantages for naval use.

In the case of the Merchant Navy things are different. Here ships travel for long periods at the same speed. There are powerful arguments in favour of dual firing—that is the ability to burn either coal or oil—for the economic sacrifice of giving up a proportion of cargo space to extra bunkers would be counteracted by the ability to bunker with whichever proves to be the cheaper fuel at any port of call.

There is now a strong movement on foot for a return to coal burning in certain classes of merchant ships, and it has been proved by experiment that coal is in many cases the more economical fuel.

The conclusion is that, as far as this country is concerned, the Navy must continue to burn oil, but that steps should be taken to ensure that coal can be burnt in as many cargo carriers as possible. And in order to ensure oil supplies in war a larger tanker fleet is necessary, as is also the large development of plants to extract oil from coal.



SUBMARINES BESIDE AN OILER: A flotilla lined up to take on fresh supplies of oil fuel

EASTERTIDE OBSERVANCES

Interesting Ceremonies, Many of Them Dating Back to Medieval Days, Held in Various Parts of the Country—Royal Maundy, the Tichborne and Biddenden Doles

THE TICHBORNE DOLE: Sir Anthony and Lady Tichborne, who were married only recently, distributing flour to villagers at Tichborne, Hants, in accordance with an eight centuries old custom which began when the Lady Mabella made a dying request that this should be done and prophesied that as long as it should be continued the Tichborne family would prosper, but "if it should be discontinued the house should fall from the failure of an heir male"

"THE BIDDENDEN MAIDS": Bread being doled out at Biddenden, Kent, in accordance with the bequest made in the 12th century by Mary and Elizabeth Chulkhurst, sisters reputed to have been joined together by the shoulders and hips and to have lived in this fashion to the age of 34

THE "ORANGE SCRAMBLE": This is always an eagerly awaited Good Friday event among Dunstable children who gather on the downland slopes and scramble for the fruit thrown to them by grown-ups. It is a wonderful sight as they stand ready to catch the oranges or, if they miss them, career madly down the steep slope in their wake

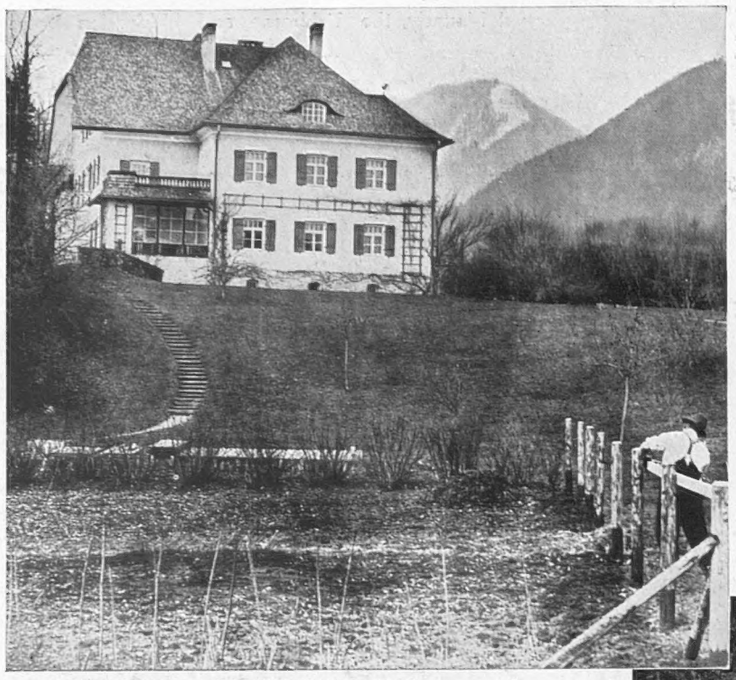
AN OLD CITY CUSTOM: After the Good Friday service at St. Bartholomew's Church, Canon Savage placed sixpences on tombs and old members of the congregation picked them up. Here 82-year-old Mrs. Fox is seen taking her alms while other veteran recipients look on

SACRED FLAME: The Right Rev. Edward Myers, Titular Bishop of Lamus, Bishop-Auxiliary of Westminster, and former Domestic Prelate to the Pope, blessing the Holy Fire outside Westminster Cathedral after it had been lit with a flint and stone. Afterwards all the Cathedral candles were lit from it

PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA AND PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE leaving St. Paul's after the annual distribution of Maundy money to the aged poor. Both carried nosegays, the modern equivalent of the herbs used in days gone by as a supposed protection against the plague. The ceremony was of particular interest this year in view of the fact that it was held at St. Paul's instead of Westminster Abbey, which is being prepared for the Coronation, and because the coins used were the first to be minted bearing the image of George VI

THE DUKE of WINDSOR'S NEW HOME

Wreck of the Empire Flying Boat: Paris Dustmen Strike: The Texas School Explosion

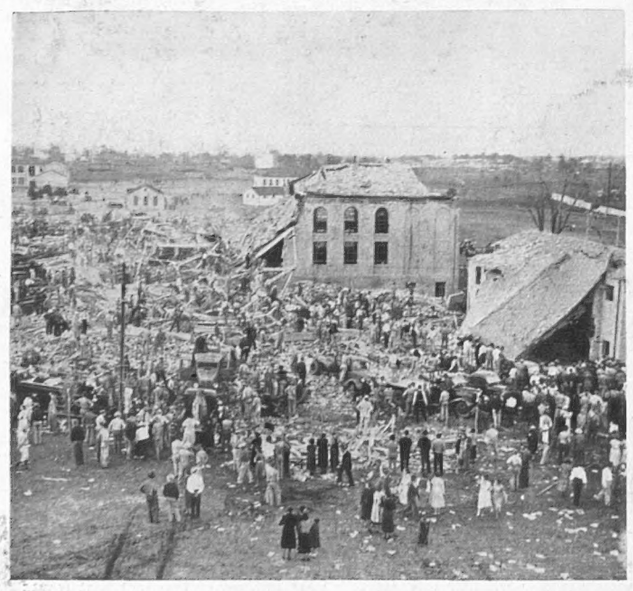


BY THE WATERS OF ST. WOLFGANG: Putting a new fence round the grounds of Appesbach House, Upper Austria, where the Duke of Windsor took up residence last Monday, driving there from Vienna

HAUS APPESBACH AND ITS MOUNTAIN SETTING: Another impression of the Duke of Windsor's new temporary residence at St. Wolfgang, a modernly equipped house in lovely surroundings. Good ski-ing is to be had within easy reach, a golf course is an hour's drive away, and the place has its own tennis court. St. Wolfgang itself is deserted as the season has not yet begun

REDS AND REFUSE: Masses of rubbish awaiting collection in the Central Markets during the strike of Paris dustmen which, while not causing so much inconvenience as some of the recent stoppages, none the less proved a source of considerable annoyance. The municipality got together volunteers to do the essential work

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "CAPRICORNUS": The wreckage of the Imperial Airways flying boat, one of the twenty-nine built or being built for Empire service, after crashing in the Beaujolais mountains, near Ouroux, France, on the first stage of its maiden flight from Southampton to Alexandria. Five people, one of whom was a woman passenger, were killed



THE TEXAS DISASTER: These pictures have just arrived in England from New London, the little town in the Texas oilfields where over 400 children met their deaths a short while ago as a result of a terrific blast of natural gas, used in the building's central heating system, wrecking the Consolidated School about 10 mins. before the pupils were to be dismissed for the day. *Left*—Frantic parents and volunteer helpers searching amid the ruins just after the explosion occurred. *Above*—The coffins of some of the child victims loaded into cars and lorries following the service at the local Baptist church

IN REVERSE: Three Italian officers being questioned by foreign newspaper correspondents in a cell at military headquarters, Madrid, after their capture by the Government troops in the recent fierce fighting among the Guadalajara passes, during which General Franco's Italian forces were compelled to retreat in disorder. *Right*—The captured officers with some of their men

ITALIANS CAPTURED

By the Advancing Madrid Troops

The defeat of the Italian troops at Guadalajara and again at Brihuega to the north-east of Madrid was drastic and decisive but it appears to have embarrassed Signor Mussolini far more than it has General Franco, the rebel Generalissimo, who treated the news with the greatest imperturbability. The amount of war material captured by the reds was colossal and was reported to have included 100 machine guns, 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition, eighty-seven lorries, a quantity of shells and hand grenades, and several tanks

CEREMONIAL AT SALAMANCA—THE INSURGENT G.H.Q.: Moorish troops outside the Town Hall during the recent ceremony at which General Faupel presented his Letters of Credence as German Ambassador to Spain. Italy had also recognised Franco as "Head of the Government of the Spanish State"

CHIROPODY FOR THE ELEPHANT: Atalanta's Canary Hospital—Seal Convalesces in a Bathtub

PEDICURE: The cuticle being removed with pincers from one of the great toes of Anna May, twenty-nine year old elephant of the Californian Zoological Gardens, Los Angeles, during one of her regular visits from the zoo's chiropodist. *On left*—A further stage of the treatment. Anna May takes it all quite calmly

MAJOR OPERATION: Mrs. E. J. Karst, who runs a boarding house and hospital for canaries in the basement of her home in Atalanta, Georgia, engaged in attaching a splint to the broken leg of one of her patients. Most of the birds in her care are left by people on holiday or away from town for some other reason

STRANGE NEW WORLD: This baby grey seal was recently rescued when found in an exhausted condition stranded high and dry on the rocks at North Blyth, Northumberland. Its rescuer took it home and placed it in a household bath, and now that it is completely recovered will doubtless return it to its natural element

"LANDING IN BREAKERS": A fine study of lifeboatmen in action by Eggert Gudmundsson, the clever young Icelandic artist who has given a number of successful one-man shows in this country. Of recent years Iceland's two lifeboats have been the means of saving no fewer than seven hundred and eighty lives

Wealth Comes to Iceland

The Production of Cod Liver Oil and Halibut Oil Brings Prosperity to the Island But Takes a Heavy Toll of Fishermen's Lives

By CHARLES GRAVES

LIFE being so topsy-turvy, it is not surprising that cod liver oil and halibut oil, which are so beneficial for children and invalids, cost hundreds of lives every year to provide. The coasts of Iceland are regarded by seamen as being probably the most dangerous in the world. Every year between fifty and 120 Icelanders are drowned, and double that number of foreigners—English, French, Norwegian, and Danish—lose their lives in the turbulent waters off the jagged coasts of Iceland.

It was only six years ago that a branch of the Lifeboat Association was formed in Iceland. Even now they have only two boats and yet they can be credited with the saving of 780 lives. Fortunately, if not necessarily, the Icelander is a family man, and the local birth rate is the second highest in the world. For the total population even now is only 115,000, and the loss on an average of eighty grown men a year is evidently formidable. Every year, however, 1,500 boys leave school at the age of sixteen. Of these, half become fishermen, so that the loss is more than supplied by the rising generation.

I have been hearing all about it from Eggert Gudmundsson, the brilliant young Icelandic artist, who has given a number of successful one-man shows since his arrival in this country. Like most of his compatriots, he worked his way through school and college by being a fisherman. In Iceland there are no class distinctions. Having saved enough money to come over here he promptly did so. From him I learn that the fishermen receive a flat rate of £10 a month, to which is added a bonus on the sale of the catch. It is possible to earn as much as £50 in a month between the first of February and the end of May.

"The best week I ever had" Gudmundsson told me "brought me £10. For the last fifty-eight hours, however, I was working continuously. We returned to port at 4 a.m., and at 7 a.m. I had to start out again.

"But Icelanders are a nation of strong men. I remember once going to the rescue of a fishing boat with thirty people on board which had been wrecked in the breakers. It was a dark, bitter night with heavy frost and a huge sea running. Several boats came as close to the breakers as possible and threw lines to the wreck. We saved fourteen men in this way. Fifteen of the others were washed overboard. After thirty-two hours the lines that we had thrown broke, but we could see one of the fishermen, who was aged fifty-seven, clinging to the mast. Then night fell. At dawn, eight hours later, he was still clinging to the mast. For another two hours we tried to get a line to him but failed. The mast fell, with the man still clinging to it forty-two hours later. Oh yes, he was washed away and drowned. That was bad luck after forty-two hours.

"Quite recently Young Atlas, who called himself the Strongest Man in the World, came to Iceland. He lifted weights, he broke iron bars, he performed various feats of strength with his teeth, but everybody laughed. Dozens of ordinary Icelanders could do much stronger things than he. I really felt sorry for him, but he had come to the wrong place."

The best time to catch the cod and the halibut is in May. That is when their livers are plumpest and best. They come in shoals from the north-west round the west coast and to the south. They arrive as regularly as clockwork, but in any event you can tell they are coming from the gulls wheeling overhead. Many of the shoals come as close as a quarter of a mile to the coast. The fishermen go out after them in all kinds of craft. There are small open boats which are the same as they were thirty years ago, motor boats of ten to fifty tons up to 1,400 tonner trawlers. The bigger vessels go sixty to a hundred miles in search of their catch. The small ones go out no farther than five miles.

If they are after cod they are armed with nets about sixty yards long, the smaller boats carrying from three to seven nets and the big fellows as many as twenty. The halibut are caught on hooks baited with mackerel suspended a few inches below the surface of the water.

Last week an International Congress attended by representatives of fifteen different nations was inaugurated in London. The object of this was to come to an agreement as to the size of the mesh of the nets. This evidently involves the size of the fish to be caught. The Icelandic Minister to Denmark, with whom I spoke, suggested that his country was against the catching of very young fish, the idea being to allow them to grow to a larger size.

All told, there are about 2,000 boats operated off the coast of Iceland for the catching of halibut and cod. The bigger ones sometimes stay away as long as a fortnight, though if they are lucky they are back in a couple of days. On these there is machinery for dealing with the fish as soon as taken in the nets. The fish are all decapitated and gutted. The gutting is highly technical, the most valuable part of the halibut or cod being the liver. When the livers have been removed—and, in the case of good sized halibut, it may be as much as a man's head, and in the case of a cod the size of one's fist—the said livers are steamed for twenty-four hours. The value of a cod liver or a halibut liver varies considerably according to the width and the colour, which should be as pale as possible. The cod, by the way, range in weight from two pounds to twenty-five, while the halibut go from half-a-pound to 450 pounds.

In the case of the small boats which have no arrangements on board for preserving their catch, the fish are taken on arrival to a factory where they are washed and salted. This process lasts for a minimum of three weeks. They are then washed again. Next they undergo a salting process lasting a minimum of another fortnight. When the first fine day comes along they are put out on a flat stone surface to dry. Fine days are a comparative rarity, however, in Iceland, and several weeks may go by before the fish are in a fit state to be exported. Spanish customers in particular like their fish to be very dry. If wet weather intervenes the fish are put under waterproof canvas which is removed as soon as the sun comes out again. Experiments have been made in drying both cod and halibut by electricity and by other artificial methods. Experience shows, however, that the vitamins are less evident in fish which have not been dried naturally in the sunshine.

During this drying process the sisters and the cousins and the aunts and the children of the fishermen are very busy. Every day they turn the individual fish over so that the sunshine has a uniform effect. When this process is completed the fish are exported in steamers specially equipped to keep the air dry in their holds.

As for the livers—when these have been steamed for the aforesaid twenty-four hours they are suspended in large tubs of water for a period of forty-eight hours. During these two days any impurities in the livers descend to the bottom of the tub.

To-day the United States buy much of the best quality medicinal cod liver and halibut liver. In this country the tariffs on cod liver are particularly high.

It was only twelve years ago that cod liver oil was regarded by the medical profession as a harmless domestic remedy with perhaps some tonic qualities. Then somebody invented vitamins, and cod liver oil was promptly elevated to the dignity of one of the most valuable medicinal substances in existence. The discovery gave tremendous stimulus to the production, refinement, and distribution of cod liver oil, its quality was improved, its sale increased astronomically, and countries like Iceland suddenly found themselves growing rich.

No story of halibut or cod liver oil would be complete without an account of the remarkable life of the halibut. The halibut is the queen of the flat fish family. When first hatched from the egg the halibut swims upright. Then the left eye begins to "migrate around" and the body begins to keel over so that it assumes a horizontal position and both eyes are on one side of the head. It lives in very cold water, thirty-two degrees to thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

Whether it is halibut or cod, the potency of the liver varies, not only with the age of the fish, but also with the amount of oil present in the liver. This depends in turn on the season of the year. In spring the amount of oil is least and its potency is greatest in all sizes of the fish. As the season advances the amount of oil in the liver increases and its potency decreases proportionately.

The standard cod liver oil of the American Medical Association has 850 units of vitamin A and 85 units of vitamin D. The minimum potencies of halibut oil are 45,000 of A and 615 of D.

Well, there you are. After centuries of poorly-paid, dangerous, and unremitting toil, the fishermen of Iceland are now more prosperous than they have ever been.

SUNDAY IN REYKJAVIK: A picturesque group, mostly in national costume, outside the white-walled Lutheran Church

DON'T FORGET THE GRAMOPHONE! Miss Hekla and Miss Daisy Josefsson, daughters of the proprietor of the Hotel Borg, loading up their caravan. The whole appearance of the girls is evidence of the manner in which the islanders, cut off as they are, keep pace with modern trends in the world at large

THE NEW ORDER: Cranking up the motor caravan Shorts, a neat knitted jumper, and a beret are th Reykjavik girl's camping kit, and very chic she looks to

THE

What Cod Liver Oil Has Done for Iceland

PICNIC IN THE HILLS: *On left and above*—These girls whose dress and general appearance evidence sophistication and modernity are, remarkable as it may seem, typical of the young women of the Iceland of to-day, and judging by the striking fair hair and complexions of some of them are descendants of the old Viking colonists. Iceland, remote as it would appear to be from civilisation, none the less maintains touch with the world at large to a marked degree and its younger generation, while not scorning the national dress, delights to keep pace with the fashions of Paris and London. Icelanders can for the most part well afford luxuries for the standard of living is extraordinarily high and has been for the past six or seven years, largely as a result of the tremendous world demand for cod liver oil and halibut oil which (as Charles Graves points out in his article on page 11) provides more than sufficient work for the whole population of fishermen

HE OLD ORDER: *Above*—Miss Jonsson, daughter of the greatest living Icelandic singer, Pjetur Jonsson, is a striking figure in a beautifully embroidered island costume, a style still worn by some of the girls. *Right*—The Lutheran pastor and his wife on the way home after the Sunday service. He wears a cassock and a picturesque ruff in the traditional manner, but she is dressed in the fashion with a neat hat and fur-trimmed coat. In the background is a glimpse of Reykjavik architecture

ANCIENT ART of EASTERN EUROPE

Two Remarkable Vases on Public Exhibition in the United States

A CORINTHIAN PYXIS: This covered vase used for toilet purposes, dating from the second quarter of the sixth century B.C., was recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum, New York, where its graceful proportions and wealth of pattern have been the objects of much admiring attention. It is a product of the period when Corinth, which had long controlled the pottery market in the Mediterranean world, was beginning to feel keenly the rivalry of Athens, and it is contemporary with the famous François vase

A GEM OF REPOUSSÉ WORK: This silver vase, which was found in the Danube and belongs to the fourth century B.C., was recently loaned to the first exhibition in America of "Art of the Dark Ages" held at the Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts

"I Go to Prague"

The First of a Short Series of Articles in which an Attempt is Made to Learn the Truth of What is now Going on in Czechoslovakia

By H. J. GREENWALL

WHAT amount of truth is there in all these stories we have been hearing about Czechoslovakia? We have been told of secret underground aeroplane sheds, built for the Russians to use as a base from which to attack Germany. We have been told, too, that Germany is going to invade Czechoslovakia; a date was even fixed for the invasion. Hair-raising stories, which have come from Paris, and Berlin, and from Vienna, but Prague itself has said little, except to issue an occasional denial of this or that, and sometimes perhaps slipping in a little anti-German propaganda. The obvious thing to do, I said to myself, is to follow the line from Paris, the capital of the big brother of Czechoslovakia, to Prague itself and to see and hear what all this bother is about. Are there secret aero 'romes below the ground; is there anything worth while the Germans' going to get? Well, we shall see.

The express roars and rattles through the night. We are going East, towards the old battleline where the *poilus* stood fast against the grey troops of the Crown Prince; how far away it all seems, and yet so near. Here is Nancy, just five letters in white on a background of blue, the whole semi-dimmed by the smoke of the locomotive. Nevertheless, we remember that we are already, only a few hours from Paris, in a great garrison city; the nearest outpost on the East.

Here is Strasbourg and the dawn, and here I will alight, because I know that Strasbourg is the chief buttress in the Paris–Prague line. Later in the day I go out and look up old friends. What is the latest in Alsace; how are they faring since Hitler marched into the Rhineland, and the tramp of the field grey men, the roar of aeroplanes, and the scrunching of tanks over cobble stones was heard once again—so near? Alsace has gone Fascist, completely and absolutely. Colonel de la Rocque's party, formerly the "Cross of Fire," now called more sedately the French National Socialist party, has no fewer than 3,000,000 members in Alsace–Lorraine. The Popular Front is called the "Unpopular Front," and M. Léon Blum, although himself of Alsatian origin, is detested. Anti-Semitism is rife, but there the closeness of likeness to the German Nazis ceases. For Alsace is frantically, patriotically French! And yet the Alsatians wearily tell you: "War is coming, and we shall be ready this time," forgetting that the last time they were on the other side. Just a little sign of the times: in the rue des Grandes Arcades, formerly, and still in smaller letters, called An den Gewerbstauer, is a big toy shop. Here, on my last visit they were exhibiting dolls in Alsatian costumes, that sort of thing. Now, now the big window is crammed with warlike toys; miniature tanks, infantry-carrying lorries, camouflaged artillery, field telegraphs (which work), brigades of troops, Chausseurs Alpins (the Blue Devils) on skis for mountain fighting in winter time. All very jolly.

I take a taxi to the Place Kehl. "How are things?" I ask the driver. He shrugs. "They will be better after the war," he answers moodily. Leaving the cab, I walk through the heavy hail to Germany; just like that: five minutes walk across a grey bridge of steel. The French make no bones about the way they are watching the Rhine. The streets near the bridge are stuffed with troops; they live in the gloomy-looking ex-German barracks. I think the French have every sort of weapon in the world to defend their end of the bridge, but they seem to have forgotten bows and arrows and catapults. There are huge blocks of masonry mounted on small carriers ready to be flung into the fray; there are nice new *frise de fer*, and guns and rifles galore.

Beneath a rather depressed Gallic Cock I showed my passport to a French civilian, and with no more ceremony than that I was off to Germany. Two minutes later I saw a notice in French and German saying that here was the middle of the bridge. And two minutes or so after that five Germans in nice new green uniforms were asking me why I had walked over; where was I going, and why? They took me into a nice room where there was a notice which said that the German greeting was Heil Hitler. They took away my passport and did everything to it except bite it. "Just having a look round, eh?" One of the officials echoed my explanation, "well, now take a walk back." I thought that excellent advice, and did not stop to tell them I would be seeing them again in the morning, because I was coming over the other bridge in a train. Walking back I noticed a French flag flying over the other end of the bridge. The ends were torn and frayed, and there was a hole through the tricolour. Just a coincidence, no doubt.

Dawn again, and again Strasbourg station. The Place outside is stuffed full of troops. Hundreds of armed police are on guard. Two Ministers from Paris are coming, the taxi driver tells me. Who are they, I ask? He says he doesn't know their names. Police suspiciously accompany me upstairs, for I am going on across Germany in the train which is bringing the Ministers from Paris. Hundreds of armed police on the platform. I am hustled into a waiting room; am I in France or Germany? Two Ministers are coming from Paris, the waiter tells me, he doesn't know their names. I look at a morning paper, a local paper, curiously enough it doesn't mention the visit. Just a coincidence, no doubt. The manager whispers: they remember what happened to Barthou. I hear the roll of drums, the train steams in; sharp words of command. Then I am allowed out. I take the train across Germany to Prague.

It is a Sunday, a nice cold wet Sunday, but the Germans know it is Sunday, and a good time would have; at every stop people get in and out, and rather mournfully exclaim "Heil Hitler." I think of answering "Heil Greenwall," but decide not. In Carlsruhe, everybody gets out of my compartment, and one man gets in and sits opposite me. He has lots of luggage and he does not say "Heil Hitler." Presently he explains. He is a Jew, just returned to Germany after 5 months' absence. "I wonder if you will find many improvements," I say. "I found five last night," he answers with a wry smile. Five cafés he visited in Carlsruhe before he could get any supper. The cafés he knew well and had frequented before he went away; last night he found five notices stating that Jews were undesired. "I

(*Continued on page* 48)

Sphere Survey

KEEPING IN TOUCH: Girl employees of Woolworth's main store in Detroit, Michigan, who recently staged a stay in strike, kept the telephones busy as they rang up home to assure their parents that all was well. Stay in strikes are unfortunately finding increasing favour among American workers as an industrial bargaining weapon

WITHERING: An impression of the great sandstorm which a short while ago blew across California, doing immense damage to farmland and vineyards in San Bernardino county, covering the fertile soil inches deep in white sand. It had been hoped that this region would remain immune from these storms, which in the corn belt far to the east have created such havoc in the past two years that thousands of acres have been rendered unfit for cultivation

CUBA CELEBRATES HER FREEDOM: Troops marching through the streets of Havana on the anniversary of the outbreak of the island's long and bitter fight for independence. The men were reviewed by President Bru, who came into office a few months ago following the deposition of President Gomez

"THE MILKY WAY AND BEYOND" was the subject of the address given at Berlin University by Sir Arthur Eddington (centre), Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Observatory, Cambridge. Sir Arthur was afterwards the guest of honour at a reception at the "Foreign Club," and is pictured here with his hosts

WHEN TOKYO GOES GAY: *Left*—Mr. Toyotaro Yuki, Finance Minister in the new Japanese Cabinet, admiring the beautiful array of dolls and miniature furniture given to his daughter on the occasion of the annual doll festival.

Right—An impression of the vast crowd, many members of which bore aloft suitably inscribed banners, gathered outside the Imperial Palace to acclaim the Emperor on the occasion of the 2,559th anniversary of the foundation of the Empire

WITH THE BRITISH CANADIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION

Which is Spending Three-and-a-Half Years Surveying in the Far North

LEAVING CHURCHILL, MANITOBA: Members of the British Canadian Arctic Expedition which is spending 3½ years in Canada's far north, mapping islands, surveying coastlines, and engaging in other research, seen aboard their 30 ft. motor whaleboat, *Polecat*, as they started northward up Hudson Bay last summer. Left to right—R. Keeling, R. J. O. Bray (Surveyor and Ornithologist), P. G. Baird (Geologist), T. H. Manning (Surveyor and Leader of the Party), and F. W. Rowley (Archæologist)

The British Canadian Arctic Expedition, to which the Royal Geographical Society has made a money grant and provided instruments, proposes to remain in the Arctic three years and a half. The purposes of the Expedition are to complete the map of Southampton Island by fixing the longitude of certain points marked by Cairns in 1934 and 1935, survey the coastline and as much of the interior as possible of Coates Island; map part of the mainland west of Repulse Bay, and make journeys up the centre of the Melville Peninsula to King William

On left—WAITING TO PUSH OFF: The B.C.A. Expedition's motor whaleboat, *Polecat*, by the shores of the Churchill estuary

INTO THE WHITE SOLITUDE: The last sight of the *Polecat* as it headed northwards, a seemingly frail craft on the waste of waters. *On left*—P. G. Baird, the expedition's geologist, painting the *Polecat*

Island and the Magnetic Pole. They propose, also, to map Nottingham, Salisbury and Mill Islands.

During the summer the members of the Expedition will be more concerned with Botany, Zoology, Ornithology, Geology, and Archæology, than surveying (most of the latter being done in the winter by sleigh).

WINTERING ON THE SHORES OF HUDSON BAY: The British Canadian Arctic Expedition's encampment at Churchill, grain port of Manitoba, while preparations were being completed for the journey northwards to Southampton Island

"CROCODILE"

A Menace of the River Exterminated

"The Guns Blazed"

DOWN by the creek the rubber trees stood untapped, the sap thick and glutinous on their wounds, bleeding to no purpose. The dreaded word "Crocodile!" had passed among the coolies, and none would venture to the trees which stood near the river bank. Only too well they knew the amazing rapidity with which crocodiles can travel overland. Many a poor coolie had been snatched from his job of collecting latex, dragged to the river's edge, and there buried under mud till found sufficiently high to please the palate of his slayer.

In the cool of the morning we started on the tramp through the plantation which eventually brought us to the creek. A curious mound on the left bank explained the reason for the crocodile being so far inland. She was hatching a brood of eggs, and the small hill, about four feet round the base, was her nest. We had time to admire her work while we waited in silence for a chance to shoot. The nest was built of mud and rotten undergrowth, with a stick planted in the middle to distinguish it from other similar heaps. No one passing by could be aware of what the mound contained, nor of the hidden death lurking in the muddy waters, ready to snatch at the chance of any edible flesh. Her mate had been seen making his way from the open sea to her hiding place, carrying fish in his mouth. His visits had been few of late, no doubt because he had been disturbed on his journeys, and Mother Crocodile was hungry!

Usually she lay in the hot sun, her nine feet of scaly body wrapped around the nest. Her keen ears must have caught signs of our approach, and for the moment she was invisible. A startled hiss from the native guide drew our attention to a faint ripple on the water. The surface was broken by what looked like no more than a piece of rotten bark. The guns blazed, and the piece of wood dived below the surface. But they had found their mark. In a moment the water was dyed with blood, and the crocodile floated to the surface. Cautiously we waited, but she lay still, caught on the edge of the bank. The planter stepped into the water and slipped a noose around her head, and the now relieved coolies appeared to drag the body to land.

As we stood round to admire our bag, the small wicked eyes opened, the scaly tail whipped round with incredible ferocity, and we just managed to get clear. There was fight left yet! With her short legs she propelled herself over the ground in our direction, but another round finished her. Thereafter the only movement was from reflex action of the nerves.

We could now turn our attention to the nest, which had already been opened by the coolies. Inside we found forty-one eggs, rather larger than a duck's egg. From the transparent blue of the shells, we judged them to be almost hatched, and we took the lot away for further investigation.

The crocodile we left to the natives, with instructions to remove the valuable skin. Later we had to go back to the scene of the morning's shoot to settle an argument among the natives as to who should have the "hati"—liver. This part of the crocodile is greatly prized among them as medicine.

A doctor friend, under cover of a basin of water, opened one of the eggs. The stench was frightful, and we fled from the veranda till he had extracted the fœtus and pickled it in spirits. The young crocodile was fully formed, its head hanging between its shoulders, its tail curled to meet its head. Even the scaly ridge down its back was plainly visible. It was evident we had exterminated the mother just in time, or there would have been forty more crocodiles to reckon with on the island.

G. G. G.

"Another Round Finished Her"

The Home Fleet "Fights" Its Way Home

THE "RODNEY" REVEALS HER SLIM LINES: An unusual impression of the great battleship as she turned to avoid "attack" on her way home from the spring cruise last week when, with other ships of the Home Fleet, she had to fight her way up Channel in the face of a mass attack by aircraft and submarines acting as far as possible in co-operation. The exercise proved valuable for training purposes and has thrown light on the problem of co-ordinating naval and air operations

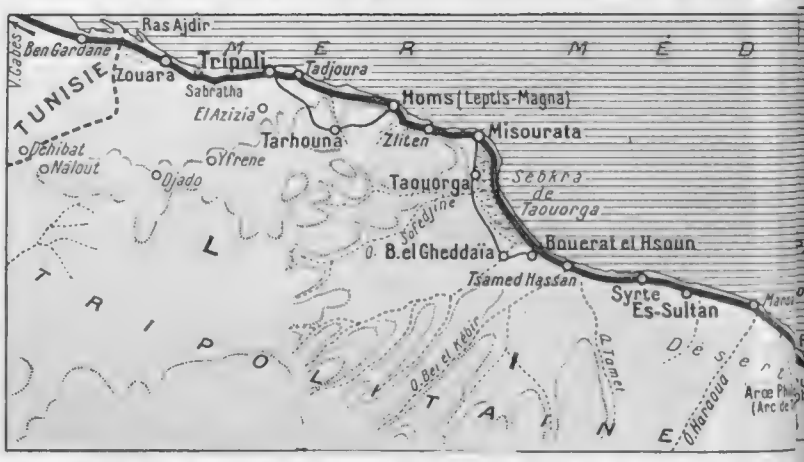
LEADING THEM INTO "BATTLE": H.M.S. *Nelson*, flagship of the Home Fleet, followed by other vessels as she steamed northwards from Gibraltar into the Channel "war zone," where she encountered combined aircraft and submarine attacks. The exercise was designed primarily for the benefit of the attacking force, so in order that no valuable time should be wasted, the fleet "trailed its coat," making no attempt to evade the enemy's air scouts. Since the fleet's return it has started preparing for the Coronation visit to the Thames and for the great Royal Review afterwards

THE DUCE'S TOUR OF ITALY'S

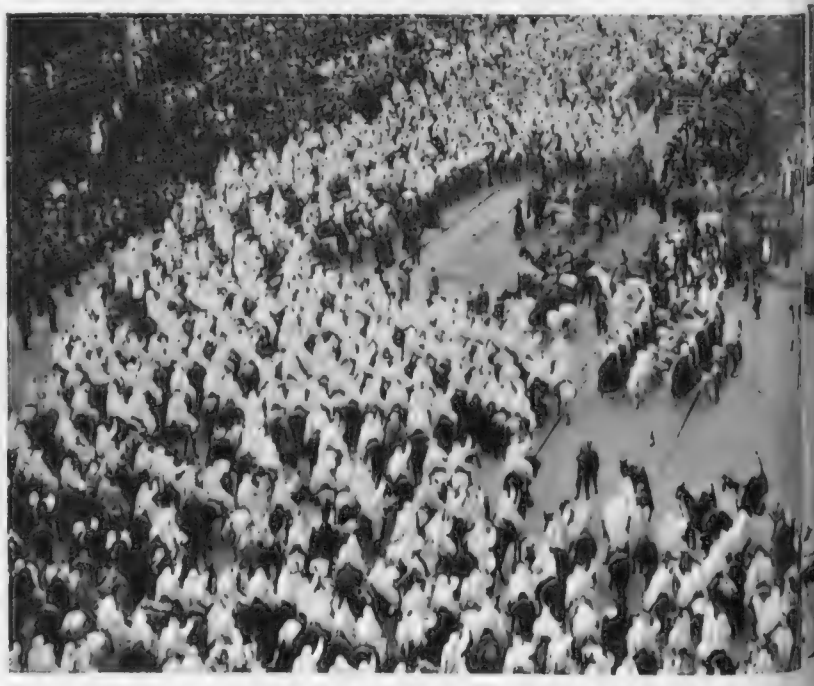
Journeying Along the Great Coastal Highway—Presentation of "The Swor

'MID THE MONUMENTS OF IMPERIAL GLORY: A Moorish trumpeter proclaims the arrival of Signor Mussolini, accompanied by Marshal Balbo, Governor General of Libya, to witness a performance of *Oedipus Rex* in the Roman amphitheatre at Sabratha, near Tripoli. A notable event that had both an archæological and artistic interest. The amphitheatre was brought to light 15 years ago in a state of considerable decay, but unearthed fragments have been pieced together into a magnificent whole

"THE SWORD OF ISLAM," a beautifully chased weapon of immense size, borne by a the soldiers and Muslims of Libya" at a ceremony held in the presence of 2,0 Mussolini waved it several times over his head—an action the spectators cheer rode into the city where he was given a tremendous reception by the popula



GALLOP PAST: Native cavalrymen giving a display of their prowess under the admiring gaze of the Duce. Marshal Balbo, the Governor-General, is standing immediately below him

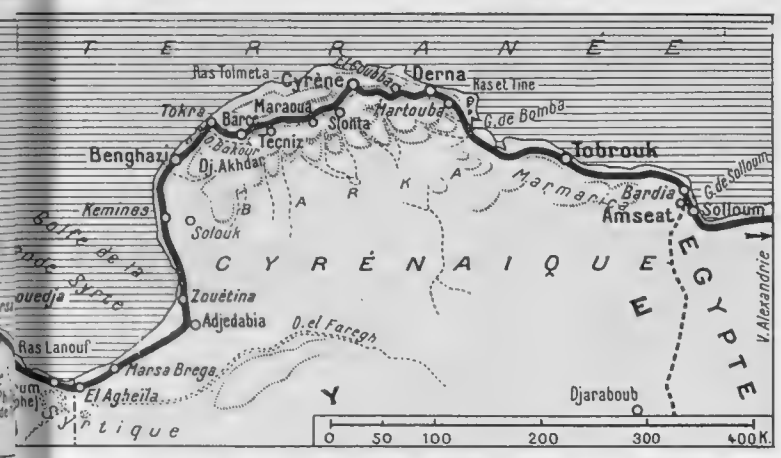


NORTH AFRICAN EMPIRE

... of Islam"—Watching a Performance of "Oedipus Rex" at Sabratha

Arab chieftain before being handed to the "victorious Duce in the name of native horsemen just outside the gates of Tripoli. On receiving it Signor enthusiastically—and then, placing himself at the head of the long cavalcade, as he passed along the thronged streets, his new sword gripped firmly in his hand

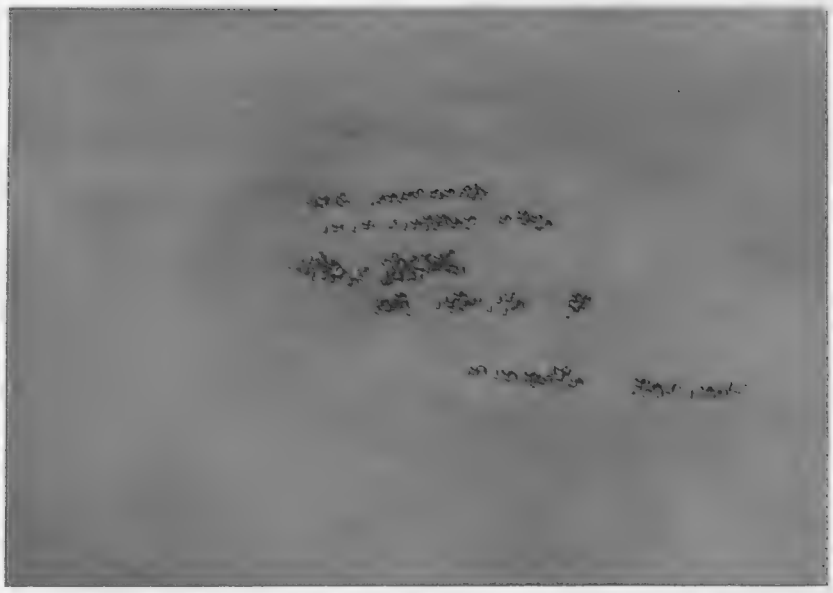
SPECTATOR-IN-CHIEF: The Duce watching the performance of *Oedipus Rex* in the restored Roman amphitheatre at Sabratha described by many who have seen it as one of the most magnificent monuments in all Libya. The choice of *Oedipus Rex* as the piece for presentation on this occasion was somewhat singular in that it was hardly in harmony with one of Signor Mussolini's most cherished policies, as all calamities marshalled by the poet come, as may be remembered, from the failure to read the warning proclaimed by the oracle: "Have no children"



THE GREAT COASTAL HIGHWAY: A sketch-map showing the course of the 1,200-mile military coastal road which Mussolini inaugurated at Amseat, on the Egyptian frontier, and along the entire length of which he afterwards travelled at the head of a five-mile long cavalcade of cars, stopping at various points en route to visit the farms of Italian colonists, inspect public works and ancient remains, and, above all, to address the Muslims

On left—THE GATHERING ON TRIPOLI'S CASTLE ESPLANADE where Mussolini spoke after receiving "the Sword of Islam" and making his ceremonial entry into the city. He began in the following dramatic terms: "Muslims of Tripoli and Libya, young Arabs of the Lictor, my most august and mighty Sovereign King Victor Emmanuel III King of Italy and Emperor of Ethiopia has sent me once again after eleven years to this land where flies the tricolour, in order to learn your needs and to meet your legitimate desires. You have offered me the most acceptable of gifts, this sword, a symbol of strength and of justice, a sword which I shall take to and preserve in Rome among the dearest memories of my life. In accepting your gift I want to tell you that a new epoch in the history of Libya has begun. . . . . Fascist Italy means to ensure to the Muslim populations of Libya peace, justice, well-being, and respect for the laws of the Prophet, and wishes besides to show her sympathy to Islam and to the Muslims of the whole world. Very soon Rome, with her laws, will show how much she interests herself in your fast developing destiny"

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY: Mussolini marching on foot into the town of Zavia, Tripolitania, after passing beneath an arch bearing the word "Duce" and supported on both sides by the Fascist emblem



THE LIBYAN HINTERLAND: Italy's North African colony is now linked along its coast-line by a great new highway which has just been inaugurated by the Duce, but in the country beyond, where the camel caravans (*left*) provide the only transport for the native, is a limitless desert, and this Italy has linked up by 'plane. Thus, from the vantage point of the skies, she can watch every move of the inhabitants and control the colony as never before. The hinterland is no hiding place

Libya's Highway and the Hinterland Beyond

Glimpses of the Italian North African Colony which the Duce Has Just Visited

Behind the coastal highway linking together Italy's North African possessions—a road that has been much in the news of late—stretches the almost unbroken desert, with here and there areas claimed for cultivation by hard-working bands of young Fascisti. The desert, once the safe hide-out of all who defied law and order, is now patrolled throughout its length and breadth. Aeroplanes fly to Kufra (no longer the mysterious place revealed to the world by Rosita Forbes), and airports have risen mushroom-like at a host of points. Marshal Balbo is thus creating order in the wilderness, but the place is not by any means a paradise for the agriculturalist.

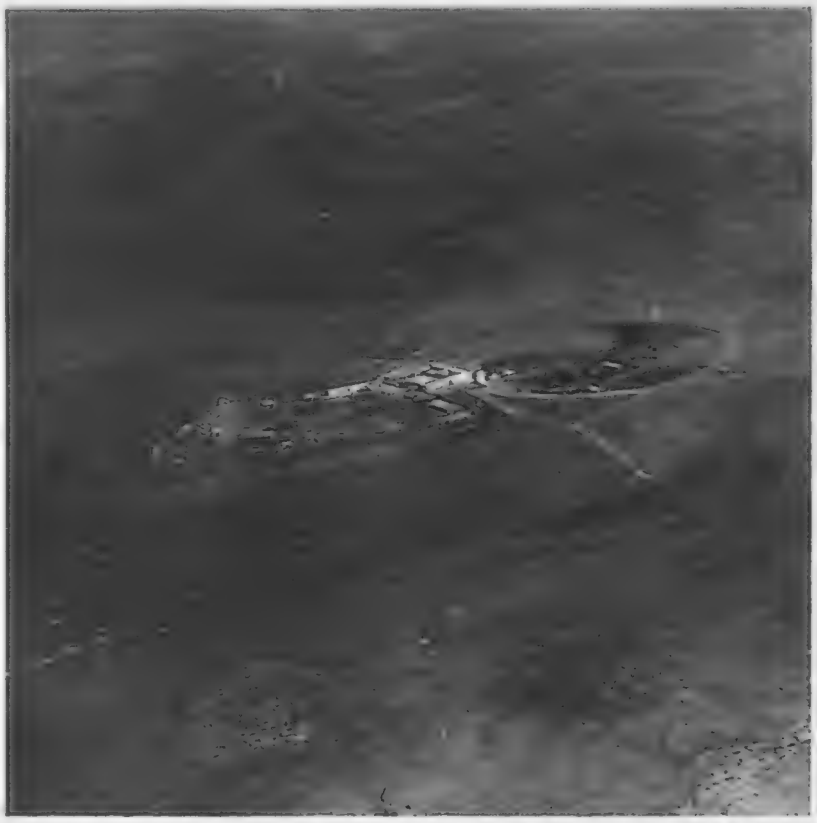
Regarding the coastal highway itself the following notes, from an article by a French journalist who recently travelled along its 1,200 miles when it was nearing completion, are of particular interest, giving an impression of the sights and scenes encountered en route.

FROM Homs to Misourata the asphalt road, worthy of the motor roads of the Motherland, runs in a straight line through the alleys of palms. At Misourata there is a sudden change; the inn crowded with road engineers, and huge lorries everywhere with their enormous balloon tyres.

The diluvial rain of the last weeks diluted the red clay of the Libyan desert after two years of drought. The completion of the road was threatened and in consequence also the inauguration. . . .

On the most difficult section, at Syrtes, between the stretches of completed road, we found the greatest percentage of impracticable caravan tracks. On this unstable soil, and in spite of torrential rain, the road nevertheless advanced with unheard-of difficulties, and we were able to see en route the various stages of its construction: the staking-out on the still virgin soil, the thick layer of stone blocks forming the sub-structure, the covering of crushed stones, and earth shovelled on by hundreds of native workmen; the construction of the bridges over the numerous ouadi with sudden hollows, descending from the Libyan plateau into the lake of Syrtes; mechanical levelling and tarring machines; the construction of the "Casa Contoniere," which at intervals of 40 kilometres from the Tunisian to the Egyptian frontier are intended to serve as landmarks on the new road and at the same time as an emergency, maintenance, and supervisory station; a gigantic, admirable, and truly Roman task. In order to make this road, it has been necessary to remove about 2,200,000 cubic metres of earth with a surfacing of 924,000 cubic metres of crushed stone over hundreds of kilometres. For that purpose, use was made of 60 rollers, 4 bitumen mixers, 100 lorries, 30 cars, 1,000 trucks, 70,000 metres of rails, and 25 tractors. Add to this the work of 11,400 labourers, 800 Italians, including 640 foremen, and the remainder natives. Twelve different undertakings have taken part in the various works in arrangement with a special civil engineering office responsible for its proper execution.

For this gigantic operation, the mass of the road workers resembling an expeditionary force had to be supplied with water and provisions in this desert land; housed under tents with their native families or in wooden hutments; they had to be given medical assistance; be conveyed daily to the work sites, in order to avoid any slowing down in the work, particularly at the time when Anglo-Italian tension in the Mediterranean might necessitatea strategic preparation of Libya . . .



OUTPOST OF EMPIRE: An Italian fort in the Libyan hinterland; country as yet largely undeveloped, although bands of young Fascisti are making a start

* * *

There is nothing more curious, after the vast Tripolitan desolation, than to enter Cyrenaica, this mountainous bastion which in three steppes descends to the sea in stairs, standing like a huge bouquet of odiferous green in the centre of the harsh Libyan desert. Nothing is more striking than to pass suddenly from the wild steppes into the thick scrub of the djebel Akhdar, the Green Mountain as it is called by the Beduins, whose grey tents find shelter here under the myrtle bushes. Nothing is more delicious than at last to find living water and bubbling torrents in picturesque gorges . . .

* * *

The narrow coastal plains dominated by the abrupt side of a high plateau, are the orthographic features of the Marmarica. Towns have been created on these plains, either round a water supply, like the beautiful oasis of Derna, or near a sheltered haven like Tóbrouk, or on a creek, like Porto Bardia. The configuration of this region gives the road the same character over a stretch of 180 kilometres; from the coastal towns it has to pass via giddy turns like an incision cut with a knife in a cliff, over the high ledge of the Cyrenaic plateau, which drops abruptly to the sea, and then follows the plateau only to descend again on to another coastal plain.

A. G.-P.

A TOUCH OF HISTORY—WHEN TRIPOLI FELL TO THE ITALIANS: A sketch map of the town (reproduced in "The Sphere" of November 11, 1911) showing an early stage in the battle which resulted in the overthrow of Turkey's domination of Tripoli and its annexation by the Italians; a change-over that was recognised by the Treaty of Ouchy in October 1912. The Italians had no difficulty in clearing the oasis of Arabs but the fight against the Turks, at first waged from the sea, was long and stubborn

Japan's Unsinkable Passenger Vessel: The "Windhuk" Returns to Hamburg after Her Trials

On the Seven Seas

A Diesel Rail Car Shipped to Australia : Germany Prepares Her North Atlantic Air Mail

THE SAFETY FIRST SHIP: This Japanese coastal steamer, *Kogane Maru* ("Gold Brocade") has been built for the Mitsubishi line and her watertight bulkheads are so constructed that she is regarded as practically unsinkable and capable of surviving the typhoons and underwater earthquakes that are such frequent occurrences in these waters

FOR THE CAPE SERVICE: The 16,000-ton liner *Windhuk* at Hamburg after running her trials. She was launched last August by General von Epp who, in a significant address stated that although the German colony whose capital had given its name to the vessel had been handed over to a foreign Power" our relations with that Power are cordial and the development of our trade has necessitated this latest addition to the German African fleet"

Secret of the "Kogane Maru"

The comparative unsinkability of the *Kogane Maru* which operates on a 235-mile route on the inland sea of Japan, is produced by a combination of ten watertight bulkheads with two other bulkheads set in a peculiar transverse position in relation to the hull. The cost of this special type of construction is clearly justified both from the point of view that it may be the means of saving many lives and that increased passenger traffic is sure to ensue in a vessel with such safety-first apparatus. Another feature of the *Kogane Maru* is the great observation lounge, rounded like the gondola saloon of a modern airship, providing passengers with uninterrupted views of the scenic beauties of the shores along which she passes

AWAITING BAPTISM: The S.S. *Friesenland*, Germany's latest "floating airport," seen just before her launching at Kiel. When completed she will be stationed at the Azores as one of the bases for the coming German air mail service to and from the North American Continent. Seaplanes will come to rest beside her and be hoisted on deck by crane

MONSTER FREIGHT: This Diesel rail car, pictured here being craned from the British coaster *Wooler* to the S.S. *Mahia* at King George V Dock, London, is the first of several built by Messrs Armstrong Whitworth, of Newcastle for the Western Australian Government. The car weighs 19½ tons, is 63 ft. long, and has accommodation for forty passengers

SOME NEW ASPECTS of BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Below—THE PALACE'S RURAL SETTING: An impression of the Palace grounds, which are considerably larger than many people imagine. Few except those privileged to attend the Royal garden parties know what they really look like. In the far distance are the buildings of Piccadilly

SCENE OF THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTIES: e spa façade in the direction of Grosvenor Plac here a number of brilliant functions with the and from every corner of the Empire. The al as it is by no means easy to belie hat

THE SUPPER ROOM: One of the leas of all of which are remarkable for the d and sp acknowledged that the interior of alace

Picture Willia

The Royal Residence and Its Park-like Grounds Specially Pictured for "The Sphere"

Below—FROM ANOTHER ANGLE: Looking across from the direction of Buckingham Palace Road to the Victoria Memorial in The Mall. The Memorial, which was unveiled in the presence of the Kaiser, is one of the most costly monuments in London to keep in condition owing to the white marble of which it is built

e spacious lawns sweeping away from the west
lere during the coming summer will be staged
and Queen as host and hostess to notabilities
al aspect of the place is extraordinary and
nat it lies in the very heart of London

of Buckingham Palace's State Apartments,
and splendour of their decor. It is generally
alace is of better design than the exterior

William Davis

C.F.H.

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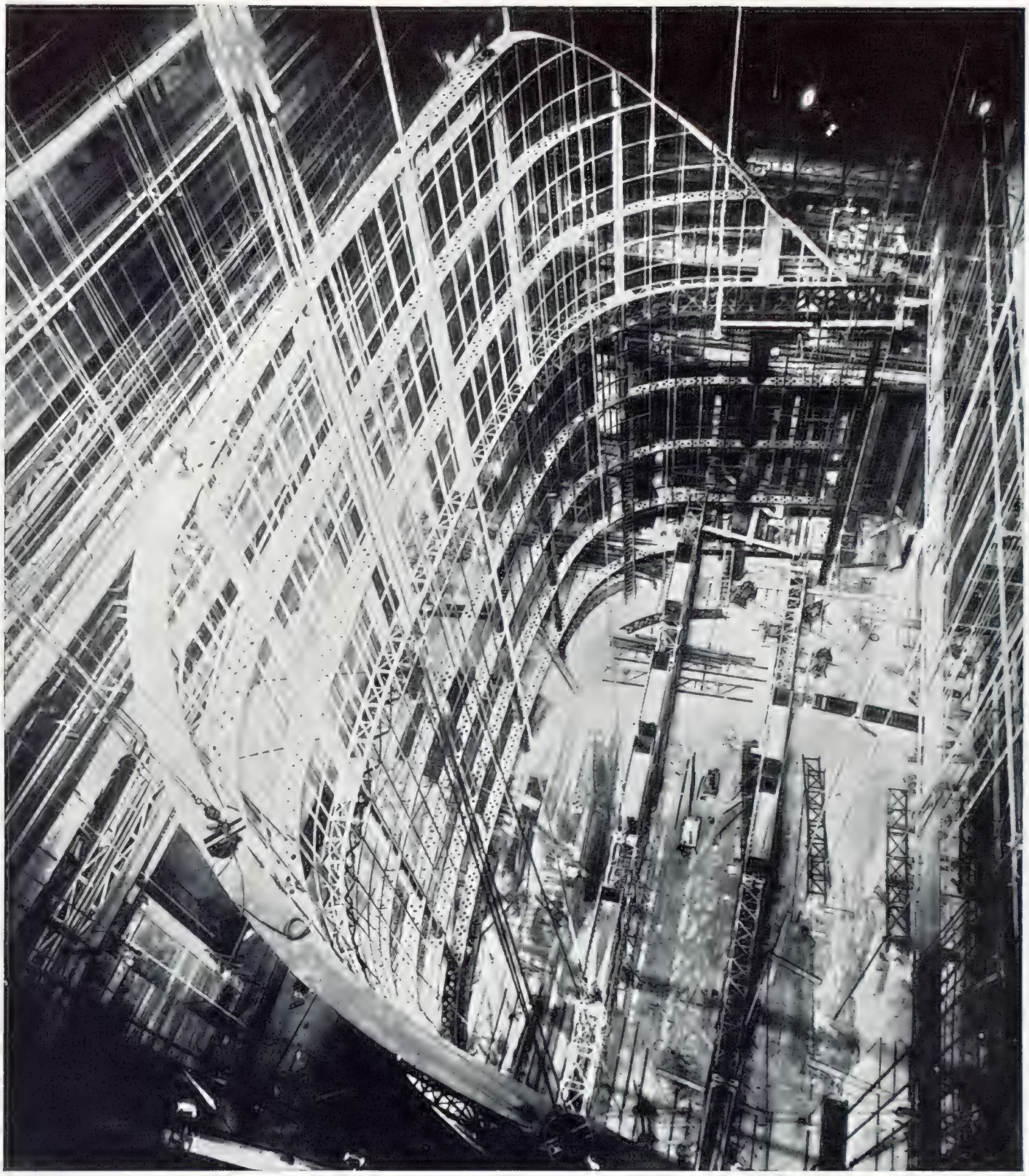


MECHANISATION IN THE THEATRE: This great steel framework, weighing approximately twenty tons and seen here in course of installation, is the latest feature of the stage equipment at the entirely modernised Paris Opera House, and across it are spread the backcloths designed for the various productions. Enormous improvements have been effected, the scene shifting machinery, most of which dates from 1875, all having been swept away and steel having everywhere replaced woodwork. To celebrate these changes a gala performance of *Lohengrin* was given a few weeks ago and was attended by President Lebrun, members of the Cabinet, and the Diplomatic Corps

KEEPING IN TOUCH IN THE REMOTE NORTH: This wireless aerial has been set up at Sandness on the mainland of Shetland with the primary object of communicating with the little island of Foula, sixteen miles to the south-west, which in winter is frequently cut off for weeks on end, mountainous seas rendering it unapproachable

MODERNISING the PARIS OPERA HOUSE and Other Subjects of Engineering Interest

MAKING THE SKYWAYS SAFE: This is the antennae at the Glendale wireless station, California, through which spoken and code instructions, relating to weather conditions, will be sent out to pilots

MISS MAIRIN DE VALERA, daughter of the President of the Irish Free State, presenting prizes at a whist drive and dance for members of the congregation of St. Anthony's Church, Leeds. She is now living in Leeds and taking a botany course at the University

LAWN TENNIS IN FULL SWING AGAIN: Women competitors in action at Harrow where the Herga L. T. C. held its meeting last week. *Left*—Miss G. F. Mathias returns one on the backhand. *Right*—Miss Kay Stammers, Britain's Wimbledon hope, coping with a short cross-court drive. She is one of the fittest of our players, and during the winter has been playing lacrosse and ski-ing to keep in trim. Her one serious failing is inconsistency

SIXTEEN K.C.s SWORN IN: The new King's Counsel, appointed by the Lord Chancellor, grouped in their wigs and gowns outside the House of Lords after the ceremony

"JUST FOR FUN" is the title of the new supper-time revue at the Dorchester, Park Lane, and these alluring Albertina Rasch dancers are among the highlights of the show

Cattle Rustling in the Still Wild West

Thieving on an Organised Scale Continues in the United States says

NELSON SPRINGER

The difference between the Americans who settled "the last frontier" and the Americans who have built the great urban civilisation of to-day was never more manifest than it was at the recent convention of the National Cattle Grazers' Association, held in El Paso, Texas.

With such international problems at issue as the Argentine Sanitary Convention, which, if ratified, will admit cattle from sanitary zones in South American countries, in other regions in which hoof-and-mouth disease is known to exist, did not prevent the issue of "cattle rustling" from taking the center of the stage. Cattle rustling, that is, cattle stealing, is associated in the common mind with "the early days," when posses of outraged ranchers, unsupported by anything but "the law west of the Pecos," which was symbolised by a gun and a rope, tracked down the thieves and hanged them.

According to Captain Burton C. Mossman, who organised the Arizona State Rangers in 1901, cattle stealing to-day proceeds on a much larger scale than when men who wished to engage in a legitimate cattle business took it upon themselves to deal summary justice to the rustlers. And it is to the extension of urban civilisation into the southwest that Mossman attributes a large part of the increase.

Fast motor trucks and good roads enable the thieves to reach remote sections of the country, Mossman pointed out, to steal without being observed, to transport their loot as much as 400 miles in a night.

Cattle thieves are seldom apprehended, Mossman said; and, when they are brought to trial they are seldom convicted. If they are convicted, they are chided gently and slapped on the wrist. The same jury that will send a man to prison for years for breaking into a grocery and stealing 11 dollars' worth of goods (11 dollars constituting grand larceny under the law), in order to feed a starving family, will give a man who steals 1,000 dollars' worth of cattle, and who probably ruins the small rancher from whom he steals it, a suspended sentence. Then before the suspended sentence expires, the thief, again at liberty, will be able to steal more cattle to pay his lawyer's fee.

This is due in part, Mossman said, to the fact that most juries are composed of city dwellers who do not seem to appreciate the fact that a man's property right in cattle is as valid as a merchant's property right in the goods on the shelves of his store. It is due in part to the fact that criminal lawyers will connive to help criminals break the law. It is due in part to the fact the law no longer provides for hanging and imposes the light maximum sentence of five years.

The extent to which the modern cattle thief feels himself safe from legal interference may be indicated, Mossman said, by the fact that he offers almost regular deliveries of stolen goods to small-town meat markets throughout the southwest. These small markets in out-of-the-way places afford the thief an obscure and excellent outlet for his loot, and, in fact, they provide him with one of the largest proportions of his business.

As light and as ineffectual as the New Mexico State law is, Mossman continued, it would provide a substantial check to cattle stealing in that State, which is one of the largest producers of cattle. Everyone who transports by any vehicle whatsoever either meat or live cattle must have a permit, Mossman said; and every peace officer in the State has a right to stop any vehicle carrying meat or cattle and demand to see the permit. Too many peace officers are too lazy to do this, Mossman said. Too many ranchers who demand that the law protect their chicken coops feel that their rights are invaded when they are asked to comply with such a regulation.

Back of Mossman's exposition of the matter lay the change that has come to pass in the southwest with the increase and improvement of transportation facilities. Neither the railroads nor the good motor roads needed to bring a different kind of people into the country, but they did.

The men who settled the southwest were a rugged and relentless lot; they were lawless in the sense that they took the law into their own hands. But they were lawless in behalf of introducing law and order into the country. Between 1870 and 1880 "the law west of the Pecos (river)," and "the land west of the Pecos" were legendary throughout the country. It was known as a region where men were hanged first and tried afterward. It is perhaps strange, then, to realise that it was a safer place for an honest man than it is to-day. But the men who conquered and settled the southwest were honest men. They expected to earn their living, not to steal it. They neither possessed nor needed fences. They neither possessed nor needed a law. They knew the difference between right and wrong, and they were on the side of right, a people as simple in their morals as they were shrewd in their desert lore.

Now, into the situation that was thus built up has come an element which is most familiarly identified with the evolution of the modern city, an element that proposes to live by its wits, without any moral basis for its wits; an element that proposes to live by the toil of others; an element that proposes to make money quickly, easily, and dishonestly; a gangster element, because there is no difference between the thief who rustles a rancher's cattle, and the thief who terrorises the city merchant into paying for "protection." Economically and socially they come down to the same thing in the end. The pity of it is that it represents the invasion of a region where integrity of purpose was still a common phenomenon.

Many other problems assail the cattle industry in the United States to-day and all in all, the cattlemen's convention was not a cheerful affair. It furrowed many brows. Nor was the situation aided by the fact that on the day the convention opened, the Texas State liquor board raided El Paso saloons, forced them to obey the law for the first time in a decade, and stopped the sale of whisky by the drink over the bar. Outcome: Cattlemen crossed the river to Juarez, received a rousing welcome from the New Tivoli and Lobby No. 2, where they acquired much liquor and left much highly appreciated American currency.

TREASURE HOUSE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DECORATIVE ART: This private house overlooking the Parc Monceau, Paris, has been bequeathed to the French nation by Comte Moïse de Camondo and has just been opened to the public under the name of the Musée Nissim de Camondo

MASTERPIECES ALL: One of the finest of the fifteen rooms in the new Musée Nissim de Camondo, containing an Aubusson carpet, a Beauvais table cloth, and in the centre of the table a soup tureen made by Roettiers as part of an elaborate dinner service for Catherine II of Russia

TWO COMPLETE BUFFON SETS OF CHINA are the feature of this small apartment leading from the dining-room at the new Camondo Museum

A New Paris Museum

A Magnificent Collection of Furniture, Furnishings, and Ceramics Given to the Nation

THE Musée Nissim de Camondo is an important museum of eighteenth-century art treasures that has just been opened to the public in Paris. It is situated No. 63, rue de Monceau and overlooks the Parc Monceau, not far from the Etoile. A few doors away is the Musée Cernuschi, the museum of Eastern Art, which was recently entirely renovated and details of which were published in THE SPHERE a few months ago.

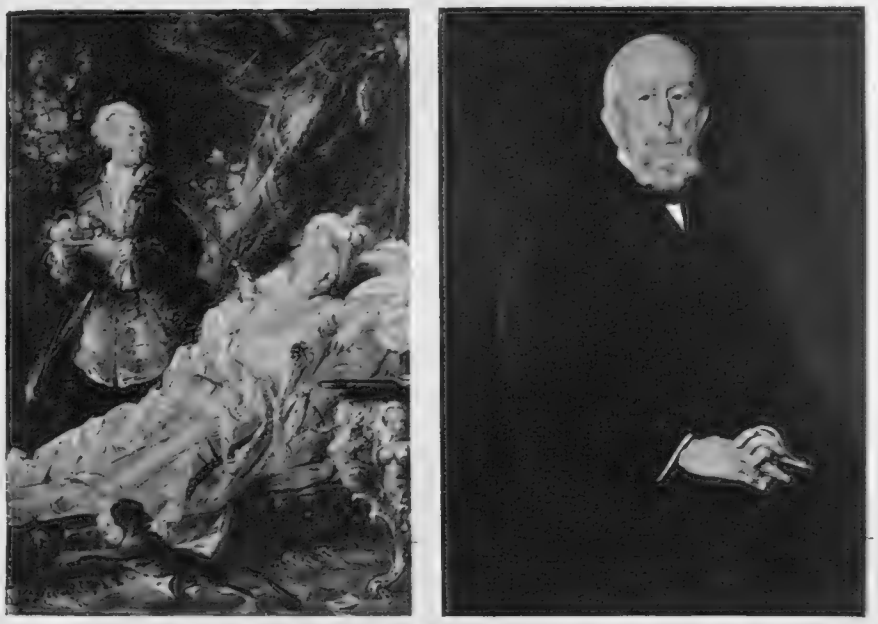
This is the second time that the Camondo family has presented a priceless art collection to the French nation. Just prior to the outbreak of the war, le Comte Isaac de Camondo bequeathed his famous nineteenth-century paintings to the Louvre. His cousin, le Comte Moïse de Camondo, has now assigned his magnificent house with its unique ensemble of furniture, paintings and objets d'art of the late eighteenth century to the section of Decorative Arts of the National Museums of France. A clause in the will of this generous donor indicates that the museum should bear the name of Nissim de Camondo, his son who was killed in action, in 1918.

In 1913, after the death of his mother, le Comte Moïse de Camondo had the family home considerably transformed. He commissioned Sergent, the

(*Continued on page* 48)

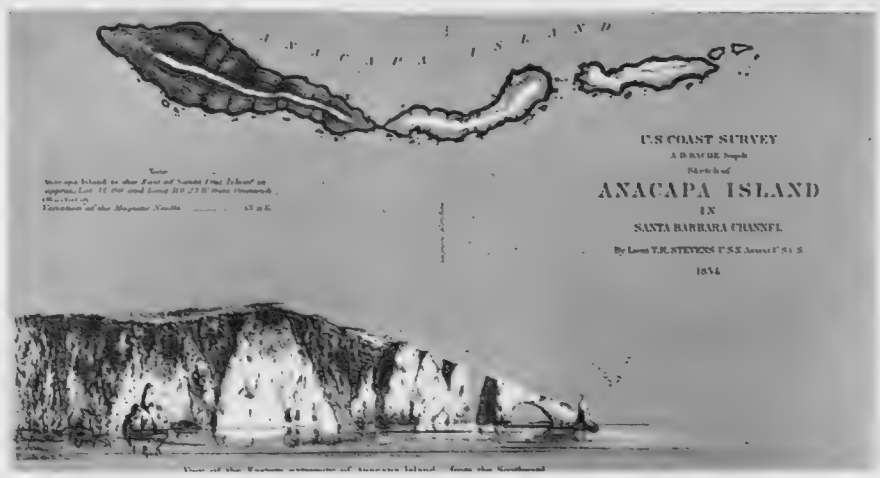
FROM STUDIO AND GALLERY

An Hungarian Show in Vienna—James Whistler as a Surveyor



ART IN MIDDLE EUROPE: Two striking canvases which have attracted attention at the big Hungarian art show now in progress at the Kunstlerhaus, Vienna. *Left*—"Louis XV and Madame Dubarry" by Gyula Benzcur. *Right*—Karlovsky's study of the veteran Hungarian financial magnate, M. Kleh; a patriarchal figure revealing character in every line

A TRIO FOR BURLINGTON HOUSE: Commander G. F. Bradshaw with the three seascapes he recently displayed on St. Ives Artists Show Day and which he is submitting to this year's Royal Academy. The Cornish art colonies at St. Ives and Newlyn, both of which have their own exhibition halls, continue to produce some of the best contemporary work



WHISTLER PRINTS AT 20 CENTS: It is not generally known that Whistler, one of the greatest of American-born artists started his career in the United States Coastal and Geodetic Survey, and that while thus employed he made a number of charts, such as this of Anacapa Island, which he embellished with detail irrelevant to the work in hand

WHISTLER AT "WORK": Another of the original etchings made for the United States Survey by the great artist, whose propensity for embellishing his productions caused him to be relieved of his duties. These charts the true value of which has only just been realised may be purchased for as little as 20 cents from the Government

A LESSON IN DIPLOMACY: The night club porter-proprietor (Henry Wenman) adjures his son (Edwin Ellis) to simulate ignorance regarding all that goes on in the club. An episode from Edgar Wallace's ever-popular crime play *The Squeaker* which has been revived at the Strand Theatre with success. Mr. Wenman has been absent from the stage for some time but he makes a triumphant return in this production

PULLING BOTH WAYS: Edward (Henry Kendall) and Lady Carnworthy (Lydia Sherwood) are detained in the nicest manner possible by domineering but apparently kindly Aunt Miranda (Lilian Braithwaite) just as everything seems all set for the elopement. One of many entertaining moments in *Bats in the Belfry* at the Ambassadors

DRAMA *and* FILMS

The Charles Wyndham Centenary — "The Vagabond King" Helps to Prove that Musical Pageant Plays Do Not Date

By PHILIP PAGE

I AM surprised that comparatively little notice has been taken of the centenary of the birth of Charles Wyndham—born March 23, 1837. Unfortunately (and, from another point of view, fortunately) I am not of the vintage which saw him when he made the Criterion famous, when he was at the height of his powers. But I did see him as David Garrick. Although elderly then, he had the amazing vigour and vitality of a man well under thirty. Later I saw him in *Mrs. Dane's Defence* and also upon what must have been, I think, the last time he ever stepped on the stage and faced an audience—when he announced the proceeds of an all-star performance of *The School for Scandal* at Covent Garden in aid of some war charity. Many members of that cast have taken their last call—Fred Terry (a superb Charles Surface in spite of increasing years, increasing bulk, and gout), Charles Hawtrey, Beerbohm Tree, Harry Irving, and even that list is not complete. Wyndham stood in a frock coat among those eighteenth-century brocades, a very old man and, it seemed, a little bewildered by his task. But the charm was there. The three greatest exponents of the ease and lightness and grace of high comedy at its highest—Wyndham, Hawtrey, and the still phenomenally youthful Seymour Hicks—have never been excelled. There are many admirable actors of the post-war generation; but I do not see any successors to this brilliant trio.

In an interesting centenary brochure issued by the management of the New Theatre which Wyndham built, and which is now partly controlled by his son, Mr. Howard Wyndham, there are some facts concerning salaries which make interesting reading. Even a minor film-star of to-day earns more in a month than well-known players earned in a year when Wyndham was a young man. At the Queen's Theatre—not the present theatre but the building in Long Acre which is now a newspaper office—according to a pay-list of 1867, Wyndham received only £3 a week. He was not leading man, but he was thirty years of age and had a considerable reputation. The leading man was J. L. Toole, whose salary reached the munificent figure of £10 16s. 8d. One wonders what the 8d. was for. A fiver a week was considered sufficient for Ellen Terry, although she was leading lady. Henry Irving was in the cast, but got little more than half that amount—£2 13s. 4d. Two of the minor actresses received 10s. a week only. As their names are mentioned I will refrain from speculating as to how they managed to live on it.

"The Taming of the Shrew."—This plunging into the remote past and the revival of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the New Theatre bring me to memories of a past less remote, the revival of this play at the Adelphi with Lily Brayton and the late Oscar Asche as Katharine and Petruchio. I see nothing whatever "odious" in theatrical comparisons, which are usually interesting and may even be desirable. Frankly, I preferred this couple to the latest shrew and shrew-tamer. Miss Brayton looked gloriously lovely even when in a vile temper, and her voice had in it all the music of Shakespeare when she spoke at the close the famous "submission" speech. Oscar Asche, though "a goodly man i' faith, and a corpulent" was not then the grotesque mountain of flesh he became, poor fellow, in his last years. He, too, had vocal advantages over his successor in the part. Miss Edith Evans' Katharine has, none the less, its good points—many good points. It is vastly better than her Rosalind, and not only because it is more Shakespearean. She was duly objectionable in her early tantrums and there was subtlety in the starvation scene, in which Mr. Leslie Banks was breathlessly boisterous. It is impossible to be too boisterous as Petruchio, but it is possible to be too breathless. Mr. Banks is probably in excellent training.

The obvious remedy must be to cut down those almost super-human feats of strength, although this Petruchio reserved the actual carrying of Katharine to the end of the play, and then he carried her only a yard or two. At times those unfamiliar with *The Taming of the Shrew* (if there be any such) must have enjoyed the suspense usually associated with "thrillers" in which the issue is in doubt; for it seemed uncertain whether Petruchio was going to tame Katharine, or Katharine Petruchio. For all that, Mr. Banks put up a fine, virile performance, and he looked good, swagger and all.

Mr. Claude Gurney has staged the play. Pedants may protest that he has taken liberties with it. He has certainly done some oddish things. But he has not, I think, done them just for the sake of being odd. This is a sheer romp, a sort of Elizabethan pantomime, which is apt to be on the dull side when the romping is not in progress: the long conversations between elegant young gentlemen and the love affairs of Bianca—very prettily played by Miss Elspeth Duxbury—are rather trying. So Mr. Gurney has given us a pantomime horse, which danced to the accompaniment of a little music and much horse laughter. Mr. Mark Daly, whose stage career has not hitherto, I fancy, been associated with Shakespeare, has been engaged as Grumio and manages to be vastly funny. I would like one day to see Mr. Daly as Sam Weller, for Grumio is a sort of Shakespearean Sam. The tailor episode became wildly, exuberantly farcical, so too did every episode into which a touch of farce could be dragged. And why not?

KIPLING SCREENED: Acclaiming the "Elephant Boy" on that immortal tale *Toomai of the Elephants* Robert Flaherty (maker of *Man of Aran*) a graphy is magnificent throughout but some of t

SET BUILDING IN THE SAHARA: In order to shoot in the exact location they wanted, the Capitol unit engaged in securing desert sequences for the picture *Jericho* had to bring palm trees from a nearby oasis and, as depicted here, put them up in specially prepared holes. The unit went out to North Africa last autumn under the leadership of Thornton Freeland and crossed several thousands of miles of desert country, meeting with numerous adventures on the way and on one occasion becoming lost

MIDGET MAN AMONG THE SANDY WASTES: Director Thornton Freeland and cameraman John Boyle pictured in the Sahara during their expedition to secure backgrounds for the Capitol film *Jericho*, starring Paul Robeson. Just before Christmas some anxiety was felt for their safety as no word had been heard from them for a long while and, when they eventually struggled back to Agades, it turned out that they had been lost

Mr. Arthur Sinclair is the Christopher Sly, a welcome engagement, if a tantalising one. For having in the Prologue delighted us with a humour as rich as his brogue, he has to spend practically the rest of the evening lying on a bed and getting drunk. He certainly left his bed in order to play the Pedant, an innovation which does not matter much one way or the other, for it is a poor part. I longed to hear him and not merely to see him. Of course he is about as Tudor as Mat Hannigan's aunt; this is Chris O'Sly of the Irish Players—the ould divil. And, I repeat, why not?

Mr. George Howe, Mr. Frederick Lloyd and Mr. Ronald Simpson call for special mention in a long and able cast, every member of which entered into the spirit of the fun. Miss Doris Zinkeisen's colourful settings and costumes are appropriately cheery and about Mr. Richard Addinsell's tuneful music, particularly that for the ballet, there is no pretentious pseudo-Elizabethan nonsense.

"The Vagabond King."—The beloved *Vagabond King* is back again in London, this time at the Coliseum. Musical pageant plays, with the scene in this case laid in France in the time of Louis XI and François Villon, have an advantage in that they do not "date" and may therefore be revived time after time if the music is good and the story sufficiently romantic. Nothing, on the other hand, seems so ancient as a musical comedy produced ten years ago concerned with sundry nonsensical happenings of 1927.

But *The Vagabond King (et hoc genus omne)* also has a serious disadvantage when the humorous aspect of it has to be tackled, and light opera must have humour of a sort. Mr. George Graves has here probably the most difficult job of his life and most sincerely and enthusiastically do I congratulate him on performing it with such success. For any comedian it would be difficult: Mr. Graves' whole personality, however, is as far removed from medieval history as it could possibly be, since he has around him an aura of the club smoking-room, of the racecourse, and of other essentially unromantic modernities in which he has always dealt in a peculiarly subtle and individual manner.

It may be argued that the very incongruity of such casting is a help. I doubt it. It is hard for anyone to be funny in armour in any circumstances and at any time. Poor Mr. Graves has to enter in a cuirass and greaves, etc.—George Greaves, in fact—and to endeavour to raise laughter in a huge theatre with the stage occupied by a scaffold, with black-clad hangman in attendance, and immediately after a solemn ecclesiastical procession — bishops, choirboys, crucifix, lighted candles and the sinister figure of Louis XI, taking himself very seriously, crossing himself, and, incidentally, being played admirably by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who, excellent and experienced actor, would make no claim to be regarded as a figure of fun. Yet, as I have said, Mr. Graves did succeed. And so, in a smaller part, did that robust and diverting comedian, Mr. Mark Stone. Indeed, the Graves-Stone combination provides plenty of amusement.

For the romantic element in the cast it was downhill work. Mr. Harry Welchman cannot help looking picturesque; he sings as well as he did at Daly's a good many years ago (which means very well indeed) and he acts even better. As the Villon of the piece he can show the young film-star heroes a thing or two. Miss Maria Elsner, the lady of Villon's heart, is fresh and attractive and has a good voice. One of the best performances is that of Miss Sylvia Welling, who is tremendously alluring and tremendously vital until her pathetic death scene, in which she displayed real tragic power.

—a scene from the new London Film Production, based which has been jointly directed by Zoltan Korda and which recently had its première in Paris. The photo- less dramatic episodes are inclined to be overlong

THE OUTLAW: Jean Gabin in the title-role of the French film, *Pepe Le Moko*, which has been booked for a run at the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair. It is a story of the underworld, having its setting in the Casbah, or native quarter of Algiers, and is notable for fine photography and an abundance of action

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Kenneth Rogers, Atlanta, Georgia

THE AUTHOR OF "GONE WITH THE WIND": Miss Margaret Mitchell whose 1,000-page novel of the American Civil War has sold over 1,300,000 copies in America and is now breaking sales records in England. It is a brilliantly conceived tale, reflecting the attitude of the Georgians towards the great struggle, and some of its more dramatic passages, such as the flight from Atlanta, are wholly unforgettable in their realism. Miss Mitchell has so far earned £100,000 in royalties, film rights, etc., but as this has all been made within one financial year the Federal Government is stated to have taken over £60,000 of it in taxes and super taxes

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

I READ somewhere the other day that if Mr. So-and-so were to write a straightforward story his readers would be disappointed. Always supposing, they might have added, that he was capable of such a thing. The cult of unintelligibility lies heavy upon the modern novel; dramas of frustration, having no beginning and scorning an end, rolled out in Meredithian periods; sub-conscious reflexes of inhibited introverts wrapped in pseudo-scientific jargon; excursions to the waste lands with maiden ladies, stepping heavenwards to Bloomsbury; the maladjustments of sex in the Mississippi delta; storms at sea, lashed with wild adverbs; anything but a straightforward story. Which is usually referred to by the critics of the same school as "simple."

In such simplicity lies the genius of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Like a master professional at billiards he makes the game appear so easy. **THEATRE** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) for instance, is the life story of an actress, and it is nothing more or less than a story which flows easily, surely, almost imperceptibly, and in the words of the publisher's blurbs, "holds the attention on every page." And at the end of it we know everything there is to be known about Julia Lambert, the adamantine qualities of her heart, the elasticity of her heart-strings, her microscopic soul, her relentless, indomitable spirit, her unflinching personal integrity.

For Julia, like all good actresses, was a careerist, first, last, and all the time. Her vain, handsome and comfortably ostrich-like husband was the ideal foil to her early struggles with ambition; the well-bred dilettante who played the lover until the moment she decided he should consummate the part; the young lover chosen to solace the climacteric years; the son who perplexed her, but only momentarily, by revealing an unexpected desire to live a life of his own; all were but ministers of love to feed the sacred flame of her Career.

It is a full and finished portrait, and the genius of it lies in the fact that you are aware only of reading a good story, absorbing in the smooth tide of the narrative, satisfying in the climax which reveals Julia revelling in a fresh triumph in the maturity of her career, having successfully played a rival off the stage by an exhibition of sheer technique, celebrating alone over a chop and a tankard (having left an elaborate supper party flat) and reflecting that "Mrs. Siddons was a rare one for steaks."

It is the perfect climax; Julia is middle-aged, mature, and serenely triumphant. She could afford to walk out on the party arranged in her honour; that night a great actress had been re-born; she was confident, secure in the supremacy of her talent, secure also in her talent for living. She and Mrs. Siddons, rare ones for chops and steaks.

Mr. Maugham has himself said of this book, "I have sought to worm myself into a woman's heart and see life through her eyes and feel emotion through her sensibilities. No one but a woman can tell if I have succeeded." Here is an example of how far he succeeds. Dolly de Vries, a life-long friend of Julia, attempts, because she is jealous, to poison the mind of Julia's husband by hinting at an infidelity with a young man whom Julia has taken up.

"Julia, smiling good-naturedly, looked at her with ingenuous eyes. 'But, darling, *you* don't think he's my lover, do you?' 'If I don't, I'm the only person who doesn't.' 'And do you?' For a minute Dolly did not answer. They looked at each other steadily, their hearts were black with hatred; but Julia still smiled. 'If you give me your solemn word of honour that he isn't, of course I'll believe you.' Julia dropped her voice to a low, grave note. It had a true ring of sincerity: 'I've never told you a lie yet, Dolly, and I'm too old to begin now. I give you my solemn word of honour that Tom has never been anything more than just a friend.' 'You take a great weight off my mind.' Julia knew that Dolly did not believe her, and Dolly was aware that Julia knew it. . . Dolly slipped her feet back into her shoes and getting her lipstick out of her bag did her lips. 'Well, dear, you're old enough to know your own mind.' They parted coldly."

There, in the smooth passage of a scene in dialogue, are the true characters of two women who still contrive to be intimate friends. For sheer competence and technique Mr. Somerset Maugham assuredly has no master in contemporary literature. He would not himself claim to have sounded anything more profound in this novel than the shallow life of the theatrical world, but it is a woman's heart he offers us nevertheless, and a woman who has married, has known the perplexities of motherhood, and has known the ecstasies and humiliations of love.

From Mr. Richard Aldington we expect, and get, something more than the smooth passage of a good story. An American critic has called him the historian of our social conscience, and certainly *The Death of a Hero*, which first brought him fame as a novelist, has passed into the enduring literature of the war, just as *The Colonel's Daughter* is an inescapable chronicle of that era referred to at the time as of "peace and reconstruction."

"Ask the young," says the poet, "they know everything." "To be young," sang Wordsworth, "was very heaven." So in his latest novel Mr. Aldington goes to the new generation to discover how much they know and whether it is all so heavenly.

Chris Heylin, the hero of **VERY HEAVEN** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is neither sure he knows everything nor knows of any short cuts to the ecstasy of heaven. He is, in fact, a very ordinary young man up against what is to his generation a very ordinary problem. His tragedy is the general and almost wilful acceptance of that problem by a society which pretends to nothing except to do nothing about it.

Brought up with all the minor comforts of a middle-class family he finds himself, while still an undergraduate at Oxford, thrown suddenly into the world through the financial failure of his parents. He is then able to test the integral worth of the social position to which the upbringing and habitual education of his class have entitled him. Who wants a public school boy who has had to leave Oxford hurriedly without a degree? His tutor, comfortably filling his two-guinea briar, would much rather crack a Donnish joke than be bothered to answer that question. His feckless parents are much too busy fending for themselves in the ruin of their lives. His sister runs for shelter into a loveless and horrible marriage.

He must take what he can get, which was to catalogue, at a pittance, the trashy library of a "sinister plutocrat who seemed like a cross between one of Swift's Struldbrugs and a crafty Oriental eunuch." Meanwhile his family, with a desperate but clumsy craftiness, were trying all they knew to force him into a matrimonial match which to them would have been socially and financially "suitable." Chris, however, had met and fallen in love with the thoroughly "unsuitable" Martha, and she with him.

They could plight their troth, but their plight was hopeless, for Chris soon fell out with the plutocrat and, jobless and penniless, was forced to accept the not disinterested offer of a tour abroad with his old tutor.

Mr. Chepston needed a companion on what he called his "æsthetic pilgrimage" among the cathedrals and art treasures of France and Spain; his price was an intolerable, overbearing priggishness.

"At Angoulême Mr. Chepston, as usual, insisted on seeing the cathedral. Placing Chris at the right æsthetic distance and angle, Mr. Chepston launched into a vigorous and fanciful praise of Romanesque architecture.

"'What an age, what a civilisation, what men!' he cried. 'Only the great flowering of the Gothic and the heights of the Renaissance can compare with it. All your moderns put together couldn't build anything like that.'

"'You think it's very wonderful?' said Chris, continuing to read the guide-book. 'Certainly. Take your nose out of that guide; you look like an American tourist. Use your eyes, boy; try to develop the imaginative reason. Look at the proportions, the antique and massive strength, the perfect taste allied with quaint and delicious fancy. Can't you feel the hoary poetry of it all?'

"'Hoary?' asked Chris demurely. 'But this book says only the sculpture is original. The place itself was entirely rebuilt in 1866 by a man named Abadie, who ruined its proportions and added incongruous elements.'"

Mr. Chepston's patience could not stand very much of this, with the result that Chris found himself abandoned in a small village on the Portuguese coast. His outlook appears hopeless, and not all the tenderness, the memory of the pain, the suffering, the happiness of his love for Martha could sustain him against a will to suicide. And then, in a magnificent peroration, the author stays his hand.

"And if I must have a faith, let me have faith that above the rock built by countless generations of once living human beings there will live men and women as much more sensitive, and powerful, and wise than we, as we are more powerful, wise, and sensitive than our ancestors of 10,000,000 years ago. And if the whole adventure does fail, at least we shall have had the exultation of the attempt. I shall try once more."

Here is a book the young, whatever they know, will understand.

ONE OF LONDON'S OLDEST BOOKSHOPS PASSES: Messrs. Ellis's in New Bond Street, familiar to thousands by its bow-fronted exterior (*left*), redolent of another century, ended its long career as a resort of antiquaries, bibliophiles, and collectors on March 25 and Mr. George Smith (*right*) is now stated to be retiring to the country where he will continue the antiquarian side of the trade

The neatest trick of the week has been achieved by Miss Gertrude Atherton who has chosen Rome of the Augustan age as the setting for her new novel, and invested it with the sprightly, gossiping atmosphere of an English country town.

Julia, the beautiful and notorious daughter of the Emperor Augustus is the villainess, and Pomponia the equally beautiful and virtuous heroine of **GOLDEN PEACOCK** (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.). The story is told impetuously, naively, and in the first person by Pomponia, who, with the quick wit that both her Uncle Horace and her guardian Maecenas admired, was able to discover and frustrate a plot against the Emperor which emanated from no less a source than his own decorative and fun-loving daughter. Single-handed and with considerable ingenuity Pomponia learned every detail of the scheme.

This England . . .

In the Chilterns

Handsomely farmed are these great chalk hills, but once they were covered in forests of beech, the lair of dangerous bandits. Indeed it was the duty of the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds to ensure the safety of the neighbouring homesteads. Beechwood furniture, platters and cups are still made from the trees about Wycombe, but somehow your Worthington, though as old as they, seems more richly golden in a slender glass.

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THE BELLMAN: The great tit who spreads the news that spring has arrived

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It seems, it is true, quite a while since the small bellman of the spring first began to range the countryside, announcing to the world in resounding notes that this ever-welcome season had now arrived. And as he travels here and there throughout the empty fields, and the woodlands that are still lean and brown from the chill touch of winter, the sound of his fresh voice re-echoes clearly on every side. As in everything that he undertakes the forceful great tit puts a vast amount of energy into his music. And as he pauses for a moment amongst the fine tracery of the drooping birchtree twigs, he gives forth his phrase with no uncertain tone. His beak is opened wide and he literally hurls forth his message; so that no one within a farspread radius could possible deny its having reached their ears.

He is a most affectionate husband—this small fellow—and he and his mate are greatly devoted to each other. And it is a pleasant thing to see the pair of birds on the wander in company with each other. A cheerful couple—not easily to be overlooked; the dark hue of the black cap and neckerchief showing up clearly against the green and yellow about the plumage. And whilst he shouts so loudly and so gaily all through these days of the early season, his wife, too, adds her notes to his quite frequently; and joins thus in an accompanying chorus to the song of the busy bellman of the spring. Although to the superficial glance the trees are chiefly barren at this time of the year, yet there is much that is of interest to be observed about them even now. Upon that selfsame birch tree whence the restless pair of great tits has just flown, there is a curious growth. This has something of the appearance of a bird's nest. It seems extremely badly constructed, in a careless and untidy fashion—nothing but a simple mass of twigs all jumbled together anyhow. However upon a closer inspection the supposed bird's nest proves to be nothing of the kind. It is, in point of fact, a malformation upon the birch tree; and this curious cluster of twigs in many a district goes by the name of "the witch's broom."

The tall birch that carries the witch's broom is standing near to the outskirts of the woods. Not far from it there grows a great oak, and from that oaktree there is now issuing forth the sound of a peculiarly sweet melody. For here, upon a twig, is perched a woodlark, one of the most delicious of songsters—giving voice to his roundelay.

He is one of the sweetest of the bird singers native to our islands. His notes undoubtedly rival those of the nightingale—so full of beauty are they. And what makes them doubly acceptable is the fact that they can be heard so early in the year, when so much of the music of the birds has scarcely yet begun, or is at least only in its beginning stages. The woodlark has a way with his singing quite unlike that of his close relative the skylark.

In either case the name is most descriptive of the bird. For, whilst the skylark haunts the airy regions, the woodlark takes his delight amongst the wooded places. And there it is that he chiefly makes his music. He bears something of a resemblance to the skylark, but with certain differences, these consisting principally in these points; he is smaller and he has a shorter tail than the other bird, and also, above the eye, he has a clearly marked yellow stripe. Altogether much sturdier in his build he has not the rather elegant shape of the skylark, his kinsman. There is not much difficulty in distinguishing the two birds from each other.

Muriel W. Haywood

Pictures by Eric J. Hosking

ANOTHER EARLY SONGSTER: The woodlark, seen here beside its nest, is one of the sweetest of the bird singers native to these islands, its superb notes, in the opinion of many, rivalling even those of the nightingale

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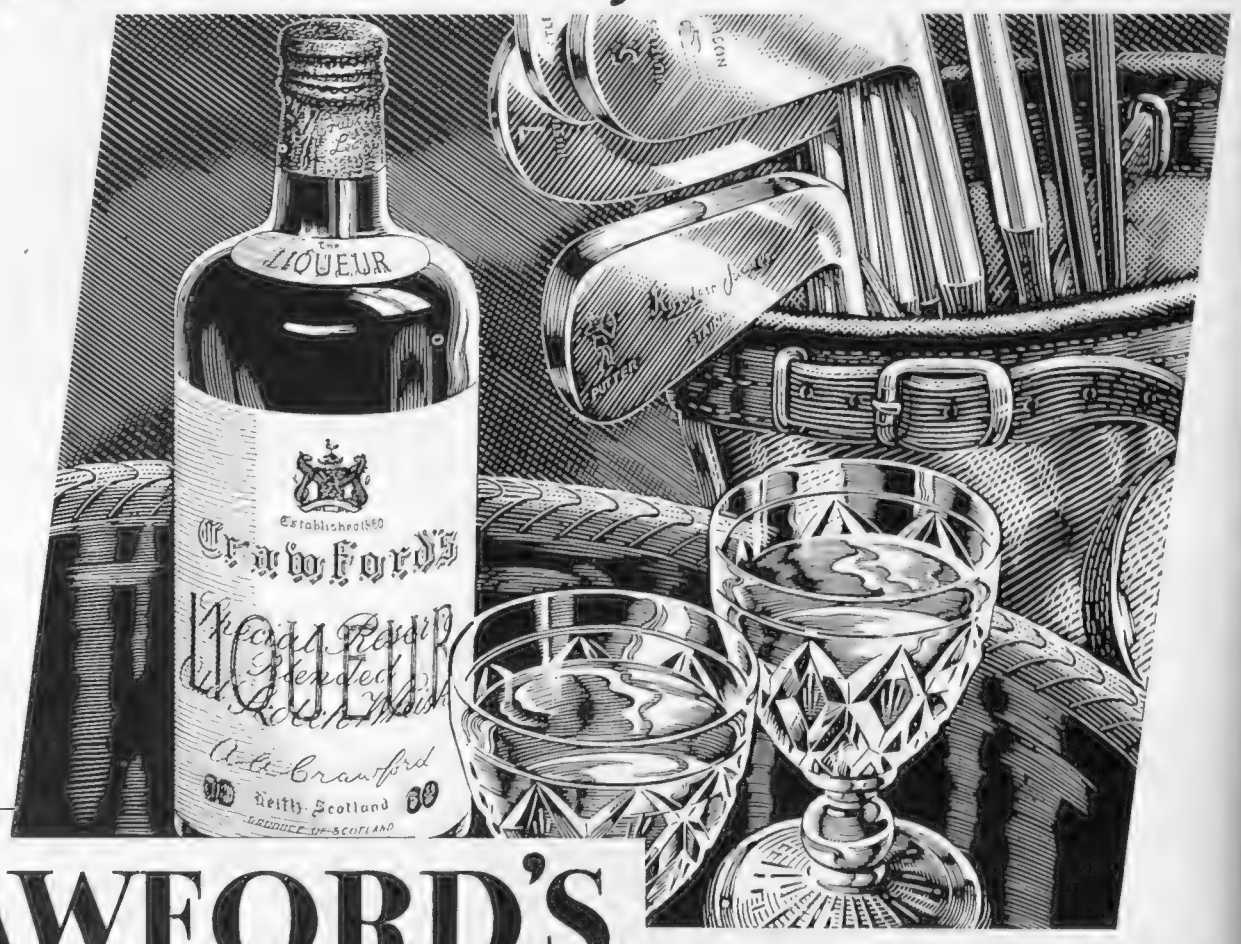

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What Other People Are Doing

On left—ARCHITECTURAL CONTEST: Mr. Denis Clarke Hall, A.R.I.B.A., son of Lady Clarke Hall, the artist, and of the late Sir William Clarke Hall, one-time Old Street magistrate, is the winner of the £1,200 competition for the best designs for elementary schools. Mr. Hall is twenty-six years of age

On right—"THAT OTHER EDEN . . .": Mr. Richard Gardiner Casey, D.S.O., M.C., Australian Federal Treasurer, bears a striking resemblance to Britain's Foreign Secretary. He is one of the Commonwealth's three official delegates to the Coronation, and during his stay will investigate the question of National Insurance with a view to its adoption in Australia

On left—CATERING FOR THE MILLION: Mr. H. S. Stewart, general manager of the Mecca Cafes, has been entrusted with the mammoth task of ensuring that Coronation sightseers shall not go hungry, and will be in control of the buffets and marquees to be set up right along the processional route

On right—LONDON UNIVERSITY'S NEW PRINCIPAL: Mr. Herbert Lightfoot Eason, C.B., C.M.G., M.D., Superintendent and Senior Ophthalmic Surgeon, Guy's Hospital, has just been appointed to this post. He takes up his duties on July 1 for a term of four years

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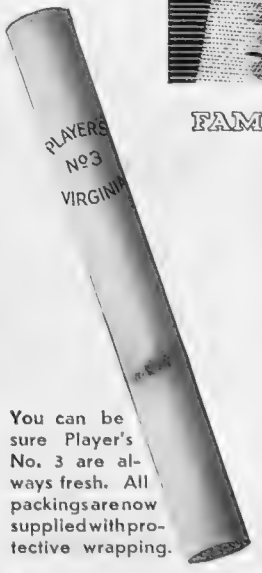

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Majestic spectacle—golden splendour—thrilling artistry and lighting—the Golden Hall of Homage at the Ideal Home Exhibition

History's pages turned back—Royal romances re-told—remarkable realism in the "Rooms of the Kings and Queens" at the Ideal Home Exhibition

Beauty spots in which the world's famous lovers disclosed their passion, and gardens dedicated to their love. "The Gardens of the Lovers" at the Ideal Home Exhibition

Blonde, Brunette, Redhead—for each her background. See how "Backgrounds for Beauty" provides settings for all types. In a novel series of rooms at the Ideal Home Exhibition

All the children's favourite toys and games and many new ones wait to welcome them in their own exhibition—"Piccaninny Circus" at the Ideal Home Exhibition

"The All-In Home"—an "elastic" house with practically all its modern furnishing built in—a revolution in home-making—at the Ideal Home Exhibition

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HOMES

and some of the wonders of this year's IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

Where peace lives, and all life is simple. A charming old thatched cottage in Berkshire. The work of conversion has been carried out without in any way spoiling the beauty of the interior

There is a mellow serenity about a creeper covered house. Here is one, designed on gracious lines, half timbered, and new, despite its air of quiet wisdom. It is at Radlett, in Hertfordshire, and the architects are Walker and Harwood

Clean cut and bright, with many windows, and spacious well proportioned rooms—another house in Radlett. The feeling of openness is enhanced by the lawns which run right up to the house, unbroken by flower-beds

AS a record of the progress made in recent years in the sphere of the home there is probably nothing more reliable or interesting than the history of the Ideal Home Exhibition which has made its twenty-first appearance at Olympia this year.

In the first place, it would show that almost everything of value that has been learned about the craft of home-making has been learned within the last twenty years. It would show that women have fashioned an entirely new set of rules for the game, and that while casting off some of the more venerable traditions they have kept faith with that which names woman's ruling passion as her home.

I well remember the first Ideal Home Exhibition. It is amusing now to recall the frenzy of awe that was excited on that occasion by the first fitted kitchen cabinet. There it was with its smooth white paint, its flap-front and silently moving drawers, its rows of neat glass containers, an opulent relation to the kitchen dressers one had been brought up to. It was the very first step towards the banishment of gloom and drudgery in the kitchens of this nation. That is an outstanding memory of the first Ideal Home Exhibition.

Then there were the bungalows, asbestos beauties, each showing a marked resemblance to a shoe box and much the same size. Well, we thought they were good, and so they were, according to our standards.

Those were the days when chromium plating was only beginning to be seen around. Kitchen ranges were undergoing a slow and painful process of beautification and, at the Exhibition, perspiring demonstrators leaned over red-hot ranges and boastfully drew attention to imperceptible improvements.

We papered our walls with gusto and further embellished their flowery faces with innumerable photographs. Annually, moreover, we hastened to Olympia to see what was doing in the matter of improvements. Plenty was doing. Each year brought some fresh discovery; some new departure from precedent. Progress was like the wheels of a train, slowly speeding up into a perfect crescendo of movement as prejudices broke down and women saw what probabilities lay ahead.

Now look at us One wonders how anything can be done to improve upon the modern home, but each year the great Exhibition at Kensington is the background for some debut. Here, under one roof, is gathered the evidence of each year's progress in architectural design, interior decoration, furnishing, equipment, sanitation, garden lay-out. All have their say, and if some of the exhibits have been seen before, it is no indictment of the exhibitors, for that which is stale news to one is often a matter of fresh interest to the other.

The practical aspect of the Exhibition brings thousands of people to Olympia every year, but still more thousands are attracted by the splendour of the setting in which these interesting matters are presented.

You can learn at Olympia how the latest curtain fixtures function; you can inspect the very latest type of bathroom equipment and learn what is doing in the gardening world, and when either of these subjects pall you have merely to walk round the corner and the world of practical things is behind you.

Every year the lavishness of the "sideshows" increases. The Ideal Home Exhibition is the Star Gazers' Utopia. Last year, when they reproduced the homes of the film stars in all their exotic detail, it seemed that the last word in showmanship had been said, but it hadn't. This year's attractions are on a still more ambitious scale.

The "Rooms of the Kings" are worth travelling a long way to see. Here, under the great dome of Olympia they have reconstructed the homes of some of the greatest figures of history. Moreover, they have done it with a fanatical zeal for accuracy.

Authorities on the history of the times have assisted in the planning of reconstruction, and fine reproductions of pottery and eating utensils have been copied from specimens in the British Museum.

The homes of outstanding figures through the ages are shown in this series and one which is of particular interest is the reproduction, by permission of the Earl of Strathmore, of part of the historic house of Glamis where our Queen Elizabeth spent so much of her childhood—a castle as rich in historical tradition as any in the land.

In another part of the Exhibition, visitors are invited to see for themselves a faithful reproduction of the bridge and navigation quarters of the giant liner *Queen Mary*—a privilege that few enjoy who actually sail on the liner. This reconstruction has been carried out by John Brown and Co., under the auspices of the Cunard Company.

The kitchen quarters of a modern destroyer are shown in the feature "The Navy At Home" and there are attractions, equally good, in every section of the building.

Go to Olympia this year if you are interested in the cult of soft living. Go, if you're not, because it's a good show, anyway.

A modern room in white, grey, and navy blue, with walls that are faintly pink. The striped curtains are blue and white, the carpet is grey, and the curved bookcase gives colour to that corner of the room which was designed by Doris Howard Robertson

If you have good windows, make the most of them. Here is one, long and low, with a pelmet which does not break its line, and books occupying the space below. It is part of a living room in a modern house at Tunbridge Wells

LIGHT AND HEAT : A New Era in Comfort and Beauty

WHETHER one is planning the building of a new house or the modernisation of an old one there are no other two factors that are so vitally important as the lighting and heating of the rooms.

The first, long since out of the purely utility stage, can create an illusion of beauty, even where none exists. And on the second depend the comfort, the well-being, and the good temper of your family.

It may be that your scheme is large and ambitious. Or perhaps it is small and hopeful and therefore doubly dear to you. In either case, do consult a firm with a thoroughly reliable reputation. So much damage can be done through faulty installation that there is no justification for taking even the smallest chance, especially as there will be little or no difference in the first charges. In all probability you will actually save money by going to a large firm because of the weight of experience behind their advice; and even if you don't, you will safeguard your home and your life.

Before you do anything about re-decorating a house you should thoroughly explore the possibilities afforded by the latest types of lighting. Subtlety and grace can be lent to the most angular rooms by localised lighting, and small rooms can be made to seem much larger by diffused and concealed lights. Entire colour schemes can be changed merely by substituting tinted bulbs—and surely there can be no cheaper way of creating an atmosphere that is gay and vibrant, or quietly intimate, according to your mood? So rapid has been the advance in lighting by electricity that few people realise all that can be done to-day. Here again the advice of experts is absolutely invaluable.

In regard to heating the position is exactly the same. There is no longer any reason why people should be content to sit in front of a fierce fire which burns one side of them and leaves the other to freeze. Obviously, the majority of people are not prepared to install central heating in an old house, nor does it find favour with everybody, even when the house is newly built.

The latest form of heating by electricity is located in the ceiling of the room. Just as the heat of the sun radiates downwards, warming every object it touches and raising the temperature of the air, so do these ceiling panels produce an even glow that reaches every corner of the room without overheating any one spot. The panels themselves are not visible, and the temperature is regulated very simply by thermostatic controls.

This type of heating has been installed by Drake and Gorham of 36, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W., in the two rooms photographed on this page. The house itself is neither large nor new, but the work was carried out most successfully without causing any trouble.

Here is a firm that this year celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, and during the whole of that time they have steadily followed up every improvement in whatever new system of lighting and heating has come on the market, without ever adopting a single one that they have not been able to prove would be advantageous to their clients. Theirs is a name that many of us have known all our lives. Theirs is a tradition which has been built up on faithful service inspired by vision.

Their one boast is that they are, at any moment, prepared to undertake the lighting and heating of anything from a small house to a town, for both come within the scope of their past experience.

A NEW SYSTEM OF HEATING is the special feature of these two rooms. Panels concealed in the ceiling, and regulated by thermostatic control, insure a constant even temperature which permeates every corner of the room and warms everything with which it comes in contact

Despite the fact that the grid system is gradually covering the whole country and that the cost of electricity is gradually becoming less on account of the ever-increasing number of consumers there are still many people who prefer to install their own private generating plant. Quite often it is cheaper to do this than to run in a cable to a house which stands half a mile away from a road, especially when one bears in mind the fact that the cost per unit will be very much lower than that supplied by any electricity company.

In addition to which, of course, one is entirely independent as all risk of a sudden black-out is completely eliminated, since, even if the engine were temporarily out of order, the storage batteries would provide electricity for a period up to a week.

Such engines are very easy to run and the newest models have been simplified to such an extent that no skilled labour is essential to keep them in order. Such firms as Drake and Gorham, who have carried out work of this description for some of the most famous names in England, are always ready to give valuable advice, and at their numerous branches resident engineers are available within easy reach of any point in the United Kingdom. They also have a special department to deal with periodical inspections and maintenance of electrical installations.

A DINING ROOM IN THE MODERN STYLE AT . . . HAMPTONS

IDEAL HOME EXHIBIT

No. 23, Ground Floor, Grand Hall, Olympia.

Other features of Hamptons' Exhibit are special displays of Carpets, Fabrics, Hamptons' MULTI-SPRING Mattresses and Bedroom Furniture in the Modern style.

See Hamptons' Booklet I.H. 204

For other examples of completely furnished Reception Rooms and Bedrooms in the Ideal Home Exhibition, see the Y. J. Lovell House, No. 3, in the National Hall, also the rooms of the exhibit of Messrs. J. and P. Coats, No. 474, 2nd Floor, Empire Hall, Scottish Section, all of which have been furnished throughout by Hamptons.

The Furniture is of Toned Sycamore and Amboyna, the Chairs being covered with Hide.

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C. 2751 3 ft. 3 ins. Serving Table £13.17.6

C. 2753 Cocktail Cabinet, 2 ft. 3 ins. × 3 ft. 11 ins. - - £22.15.0

C. 2752 Dining Table, 4 ft. 6 ins. × 3 ft., extending to 6 ft. × 3 ft. - £19.10.0

S. 17553 Dining Chair - £6.10.0

S. 17154 Armchair - - £8. 5.0

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CORONATION COLOURS
EMPLOYED IN THE HOME
The Decorative Value of Soft Furnishings in the Cause of Beauty and Economy

Inevitably it happens every spring, this spirit of renewal, when the countryside bursts into glorious colours, and even city streets are gay with daffodils and tulips and violets. And always it has the same effect. Women are filled with the desire to bring the brightness into their own homes. Colour schemes haunt their thoughts, furniture is turned around, and every room is made to look as different as possible from its winter self.

How right they are! There is nothing more stimulating than a change of scene, and nothing more dreary than to sit in chairs that are still grouped around an empty fireplace.

This spring, more than ever, there will be no excuse for drabness. Never before have fabrics been so infinitely varied, so lovely, and so inexpensive. Never have carpets gone so gay.

Can you imagine a whole range of plain carpets in wonderful Coronation colours? In the now familiar deep red and blue: in Coronation gold and the famous green of Heraldry; in St. James's rose, and Marlborough blue; in Windsor red, which again is an Heraldic colour, brighter than the official Coronation red: in Holyrood green—a beautifully soft shade which suggests the freshness of the velvety turfed hills of Scotland? Can you not immediately conjure up a dozen colour schemes around them?

In Imperial Axminster, 27 ins. wide, they cost 7s. 11d. a yard at Hamptons, of Pall Mall, where they are being specially featured in addition to their usual magnificent collection of plain carpets in an immense variety of colours and qualities.

Undoubtedly there is a feeling of grandeur in the newest decorative schemes. Among furnishing fabrics, for instance, lustrous satin damasks lead the way. Exquisite shades of pink, green, blue, and rose predominate, and two beiges—one that is basically golden and one that is fawn—are extremely popular.

Queen Mary has a liking for rich-looking damasks and for gay quilted chintz. At Hamptons you can see two damasks that she has chosen; one in a warm cream and the other in an antique mulberry shade. There is a quilted chintz with a design of yellow flowers and green leaves set in formal sections, and another with luxuriant bouquets of mixed flowers on a deep wine ground.

Queen Elizabeth also has chosen a bright chintz, patterned with little Chinese figures, as well as a cream satin printed with cottage flowers—lavender, mignonette, pansies, delphiniums, and primulas.

All these are at Hamptons Pall Mall showrooms, but they also have a handsome fabric display as part of their exhibit in the Grand Hall at the Ideal Home Exhibition. Carpets, too, will be there, as well as the newest types of bedding, and a modern dining-room. Miracles can be worked by the clever and imaginative use of colour, for it enables one to achieve luxurious decorative schemes at very little cost. Keep your main scheme unobtrusive so that there will be no chance of your tiring of it quickly. Have your walls, for instance, in a pastel tone, with matching woodwork and ceiling. If your rooms are small do not have striking curtains. They will immediately make them seem smaller. Let them be inconspicuous, and get your colour effects with cushions, rugs, and flowers. Once you do start on colour, be bold—not necessarily in the tones you use, but in your grouping and in the freshness of your ideas.

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A SCENE OUTSIDE AN INN By Philips Wouvermans (Signed)

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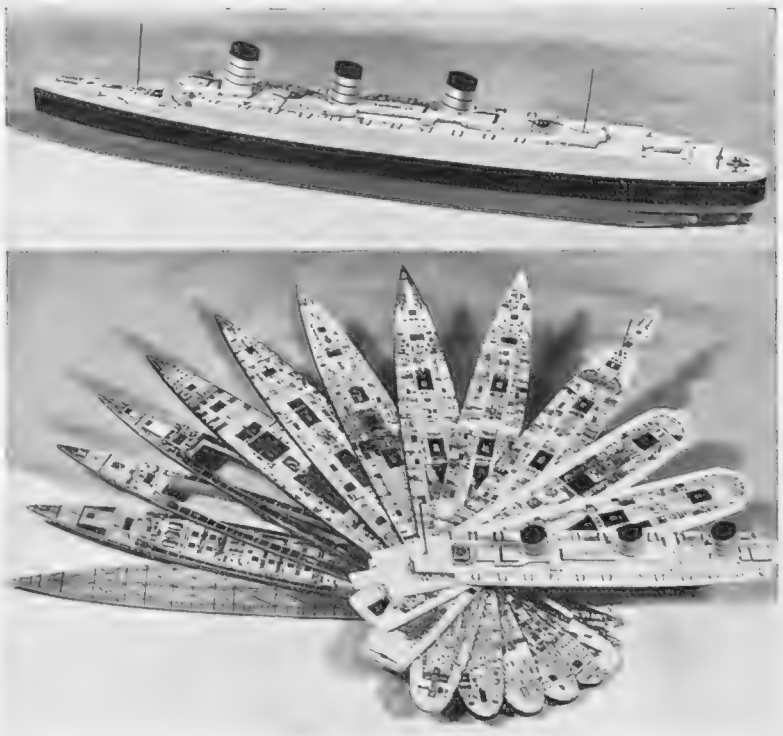

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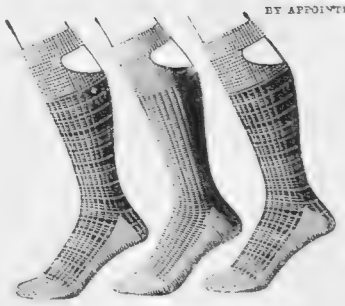

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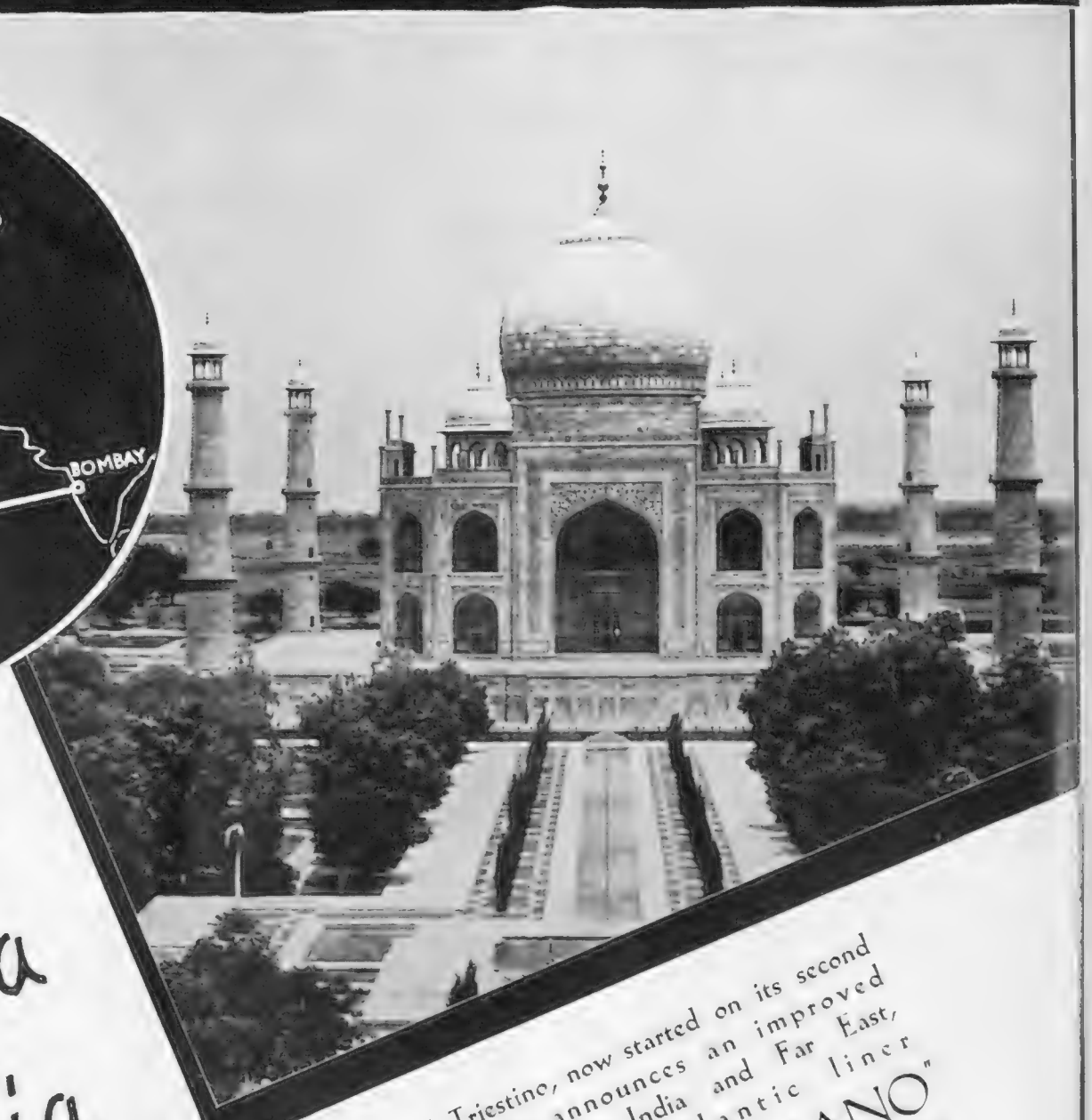

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THE CHURCH OF PORTOFINO with an upstanding date palm before the entrance that lends the scene a sub-tropical aspect. This little fishing village, as yet wholly unspoilt, stands sheltered from the west by the great headland which gives it its name

Among the Orange Trees, Palms, and Mimosas of Italy's Riviera

A Coast of Unfading Charm As Yet Immune from Large Scale Commercialisation

WITH the lira at a more reasonable level the great bay which forms the Italian Riviera presents attractions which are not to be denied. It caters for many tastes. You may sit under the orange trees and mimosas at Bordighera, Alassio, or Rapallo with every comfort the modern hotel can afford at hand. Or, leaving the sophistications of shops and casino, there are endless walks through the olive-shaded hills behind. To the lover of wild flowers these hills in spring are a constant delight. At any moment one may come across a patch of crimson anemones by a streamside, be led by their scent to a clump of narcissus, or light upon a colony of one of the rarer orchids.

Though poor in comparison to the treasure-house of Tuscany the countryside is not without interest to the lover of the antique. At a monastery near Santa Margherita the French monks will show you the room where Francis I, splendid in defeat, crying after Pavia that "all was lost save honour," stayed a virtual prisoner; and the tombs of their medieval abbots brought hither by pious hands when the monks were ejected from France by an anti-clerical government.

Then Genoa itself, more familiar to-day as the port of the great Italian liners, is full of picturesque old palaces, once the homes of the merchant princes when the Republic vied with Venice for supremacy. Now they are for the most part museums. The cathedral of San Lorenzo dating originally from the twelfth century is worth a visit. The statue of Columbus in the Piazza Acquaverde reminds one that the great adventurer, first of so many of his countrymen to cross the western ocean, was born nearby.

Rapallo and Santa Margherita are perhaps the best centres for the visitor. The drives into the surrounding countryside are as varied as they are numerous. Motors with reliable drivers can easily be hired through the hotel management. Driving north towards the mountains one is continually entranced by the views of little villages which cling among their terraced vineyards to the sides of the hills, or is forced to admire the dexterity of the driver in dealing with a train of pack-mules led by the inevitable donkey-stallion encountered suddenly round a corner. In the hot sunlight the air from the Apennines ringing the northern horizon is like wine. There remain abiding memories of a sea of ever changing blue, snowy peaks in the distance and over all a smiling sun.

Among a host of resorts so diversely attractive it is invidious to make distinctions. Bordighera, Alassio, and Rapallo have already been mentioned; and if you make San Remo or Ventimiglia your headquarters, you will not go far astray. But of the many towns and villages along the coast Portofino takes the palm. It is within an easy drive of Santa Margherita either by motor, the more stately jingling victoria whose driver cracks a ribboned whip at every corner, or the plebeian but exciting motorbus. The vivacity of the latter's career must be experienced to be believed and passengers have been known to change their seats without premeditation at some of the more abrupt halts. But no serious accident seems ever to occur to this outrageous vehicle.

Immortalised in that delightful book *Enchanted April* it is difficult to overpraise Portofino. In spite of its popularity the little fishing town with its Square and quay stands sheltered from the west by the headland which gives it its name, unspoilt. At ease in front of the café in the Square one can watch the barefooted urchins who play by the waterside and the departure and return of the fishing boats of the many-hued sails in peace. Here those who are willing to brave the sea can hire a boat to take them round the point to San Fruttuoso to visit the tombs of the once powerful family of Doria. A steep ascent leads to their resting place, dominating the sea over which they once held undisputed sway. If you are lucky and the air is supremely clear, or are exceptionally imaginative, you may from here see a cloud on the southern horizon. It is Corsica.

For the less adventurous Portofino holds other charms. You may retire to the comfort of the modern hotel above the town or sample Madame's inimitable sardines and *monte bianco*, in which sweet chestnut and whipped cream play leading parts, at the Piccolo by the sea. For him who previously has only encountered the sardine pickled in oil a revelation awaits. And the charms of the local brand of red mullet are not to be depised.

A means by which to see the countryside to be thoroughly recommended to the more vigorous type of visitor is to forward his luggage to a station some miles along the line and to follow across the hills on foot. Needless to say the telephone is universal; so that you will have no difficulty in booking rooms. The cypresses and quiet olive groves give place to open glades and a scrub of broom, tall Mediterranean heath (whose roots are made into briar pipes), and cistus. If you are lucky you may see a swallowtail butterfly speeding across the hillside, or a great green lizard a full foot long hurrying from his sunning place by the path at your approach. Or at festival time at evening you may meet a slow procession of country folk who take turns carrying an enormous cross from village to village. At every step fresh views of new beauty await. And at the end of the walk you may be certain of a kindly welcome and an excellent meal washed down with good cheap wine, eaten perhaps on a wistaria-wreathed terrace overlooking the sea, with the scent of stocks and carnations about you.

To conclude, let it not be thought that the visitor to Italy will meet with anything but smiles from the country people. Whatever international misunderstandings lie in the recent past, Italy, from the days when the grand tour was fashionable to Garibaldi, whose earth and sea gave Keats and Shelley their graves, is too old a friend. The natural good manners and gaiety of her people are irresistible.

Hugonaut

THE BUSY HEART OF GENOA—ITALY'S SOUTHAMPTON. The Piazza de Ferrari, focal point of the city's tramway system. On the right is the Stock Exchange or Borsa

NESTLING BETWEEN THE HILLS AND THE SEA is the old town of Nervi, one of many quiet, unspoilt health resorts on Italy's Riviera. The new quarter has a fine promenade

EMBOSOMED IN PALMS: The white houses of San Remo bordering the blue waters of the Liqurian Sea. An ideal headquarters for a stay on the Riviera

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"The Sphere" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32–34, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

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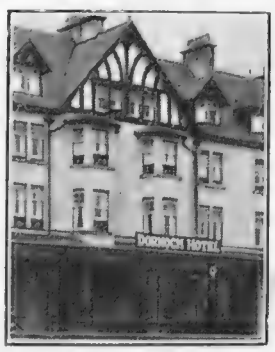

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In Quest o

"Which Hotel in the Britis
A Reader Raises a

IN my daily post from SPHERE readers I get in addition to many conundrums and straightforward inquiries a number of letters which give me much food for thought. The other week I received a letter from one of my regular readers to ask me which hotel in the British Isles has the finest views from its windows. Until I have completed my quest of good hotels I feel hesitant in answering as completely as I should like this interesting query.

Certainly there flashed across my mind at once many hotels in different parts of the country where I have revelled in the view. Where, for instance, is there a more magnificent panoramic vista of blue sea, red cliffs, and white sails than one can enjoy lying in bed at the Torquay Hydro Hotel? No wonder that practically every bedroom in that hotel has been filled at one time or another by well-known people in every walk of life who have found it a wonderful escape from the turmoil and stress of their normal life.

True there are other hotels at Torquay that can claim a very similar view but there is one asset that I believe the Torquay Hydro Hotel can consider as exclusive to itself and that is the land as well as the sea views that can be enjoyed from the flat roof of the hotel, where, sheltered from the wind, one can bask in the sunshine.

From the tranquillity of Tor Bay my thoughts flash to the more turbulent sight of surf and sea-gulls which transfixes one's gaze from every window of the Headland Hotel at Newquay. What a view of ever rolling, never ceasing, Atlantic breakers, golden sands, rugged rocks, and enthralling sunsets. It is like being on the sea but immune from its discomforts.

What a contrast again from Newquay is the Greenbank Hotel at Falmouth, where from the bay windows of the dining-room and lounges and the major portion of the bedrooms one enjoys a constant scenic panorama of Falmouth Harbour and the old sailing ship the *Cutty Sark* in the foreground, and the castles of St. Mawes and Pendennis in the background.

And now my thoughts turn inland. What a surprising number of people there are—outside trout-fishing enthusiasts—who have never heard of Lake Vyrnwy, which lies twenty-five miles west of Oswestry and thirty-five from Shrewsbury. Arrive there deliberately one evening after dark, and then in the morning pull back the curtains, and you will appreciate as I did, the almost breath-taking view down the whole length and breadth of Lake Vyrnwy and the mountains of Arran Mawddwy in the distance. Here there is a peacefulness that can be felt, yet the thousands of acres owned by the hotel simply teem with life. Pheasants, grouse, black game, and rabbits in the surrounding coverts and on the moors: and the Lake a trout fisherman's paradise.

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Good Hotels

y ASHLEY COURTENAY

sles Has the Finest Views?"

nteresting Query

And from Lake Vyrnwy one naturally thinks of the Lake District. There are the peaceful views over Lake Windermere from the Storrs Hall Hotel on the Bowness side of Windermere, but for sheer magnificence of crags, peaks, and changing lights, stay one day at the Keswick Hotel, where from the windows you get a nine-mile panoramic view of the Skiddaw Range.

Deliberately I am saying nothing about Scotland. To enjoy a magnificent view from the windows of a Scottish hotel is as much accepted as hot and cold water laid on in the bedrooms! But for sheer sylvan loveliness give me the views to be enjoyed from the terrace and windows of the Berystede Hotel at Ascot, for it is surrounded by 32 acres of pine woods and gardens. Only an hour's run by car from the West End of London; you will find yourself in a district opulent in great estates, set in magnificent surroundings. Staying at the Berystede a different view assails you at every yard. The only things missing there to complete the picture are a few peacocks.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. L. M. (Hampstead) has written to me to ask what seaside hotel he can go to on a Sunday without being run in by the police for car obstruction. Actually of course there are many such hotels that not only have their own garages, but a hotel where car parking is very simple indeed is the Queen's Hotel at Hastings, for not only is there a private part in front of the hotel, but the entrance to the underground car park under the parade is quite close to the hotel, and there I believe you can leave your car for about eight hours for the sum of 6d. The Queen's incidentally is a great magnet to attract motorists every week end throughout the year, for with a regular dance on Saturday nights one is almost certain of finding life there.

W. G. T. (Windsor), having heard a good deal of Southport for a golfing holiday has asked me about the best hotel there. I do not think anybody will question my reply when I wrote and told him that the Prince of Wales is without doubt the leading hotel, and as he was particularly keen on having a room with a private bath, I have suggested he should ask for No. 33 or its equivalent. The bed in this room, which I am told is typical of all the beds, was so comfortable that I overslept there the other day and lost my train! But this will not worry W. G. T. as he is on a golfing not a business mission, and there are seven 1st-class courses within half an hour of the Prince's front door.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels both large and small known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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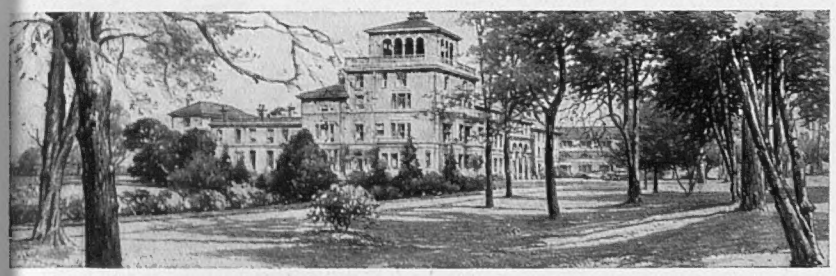

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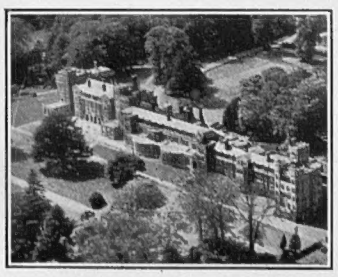

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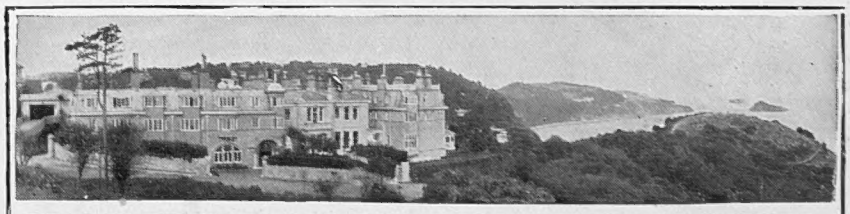

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THE DOWNS WIMBLEDON

"I GO TO PRAGUE" (Continued from page 14)

wonder you came back, if you did not have to," I remarked. "My parents are 75 years old," he made answer.

In and out they came, these Germans, and they talked surprisingly freely to me, a foreigner. How much did I pay for my overcoat, my shoes, my suit, my bags? Really? Feel this! You know how much this cost, this overcoat? 240 marks! (about £20). Heil England, I said.

On and on, and hundreds of Germans; nice Germans, kindly Germans, grumpy, arrogant Germans. And, believe it or not, I never saw a man in a brown shirt, and I did not see twenty soldiers all day. And then we came to Pilsen, and I was glad of it, for the beer at Pilsen is all that beer should be. Night again, and a train packed with Czechs, who heiled nobody.

And so we came to Prague, late at night, with a nice choice of stations. Which will you have, the Wilson Station or the Masaryk Station? Very aptly named indeed, for President Wilson and Dr. Masaryk were the parents of Czechoslovakia. This country of 15,000,000 people, jammed into the centre of Europe! What is going to become of it? Riches? Of course it's rich; think of it, just over the German frontier, raw materials for the asking, or the taking! A production of 100,000 tons of manganese per year, for example.

What I saw and heard in Czechoslovakia I shall tell in my next article.

(To be continued)

A NEW PARIS MUSEUM (Continued from page 29)

architect, to reconstruct the private hotel in the style of the Petit Trianon at Versailles. Then, for a period of twenty years, he occupied himself with furnishing the interior with the finest examples of Louis XVI furniture, tapestries, paintings, china, silverware and objets d'art. No account can describe the love and care with which he devoted himself whole-heartedly to this great task. From the moment the construction of the new house was terminated, he decided to furnish it as a museum. Even the smallest objet d'art was destined to occupy a fixed place in the decorative scheme of his rooms. Complete sets of furniture and objets d'art in pairs were essential to the balance and lay-out of the ensemble. But le Comte Moïse de Camondo was a fervent and patient collector: he would search for years until he found a piece of furniture suitable for some corner in one of his salons. He would, for example, pay almost any sum of money for the companion of a pair of vases mounted in bronze. No matter how much he might esteem a rare table or bureau or how inexpensive its price, he would not acquire it if it did not fit into his particular scheme of decoration. The result of so determined an effort is the formation of a unique collection of eighteenth-century art treasures of the greatest value individually and collectively.

Practically every piece of furniture in the fifteen rooms of the museum is signed by a leading cabinet-maker of the time of Louis XVI, Carlin, Oeben, Riesener, Leleu, Saunier, Sené, or Jacob. There are busts by Houdon; paintings by Oudry, Drouais, Huet, Hubert-Robert and Vigée-Lebrun; Gobelins and Beauvais tapestries and table-cloths; remarkable Savonnerie and Aubusson carpets; silverware executed by Auguste and Roettiers; complete Sèvres and Chantilly china services; and exceptionally fine Chinese vases mounted in bronze. All these masterpieces are shown to the best advantage against their authentic background for le Comte Moïse de Camondo acquired the old panelling, dessus de portes, mirrors, and curtain hangings from several of the famous old houses of Paris and had the rooms of his museum home in the rue Monceau specially constructed to their dimensions.

It is impossible in a notice of this length to give any real indication of the exceptional quality of so many rare examples of the work of the master artists and craftsmen of the eighteenth century as are here crowded together in the Musée Nissim de Camondo. May it suffice to impart the significant characteristics of each group. Among the paintings there are eight charming sketches by Jean-Baptiste Oudry, painted between 1733 and 1746, for the large compositions at Fontainebleau which were used as models for the famous set of "Chasses royales" tapestries woven at the Gobelins factory between 1736 and 1753; a portrait of Madame Le Coulteux de Moley, the owner of Malmaison before Joséphine, by Vigée-Lebrun; "Rémois," a scene from one of La Fontaine's Fables, by Lancret; and a beautiful little gouache, "La leçon de musique," by Lavreince. The finest of the Aubusson tapestries are a set of six in the main sitting-room. These illustrate incidents from La Fontaine's Fables and were woven from drawings after Oudry. The "Scènes chinoises," from drawings by Boucher, that hang in the gallery, are by the same firm.

The Savonnerie carpets are, perhaps, the outstanding feature of the museum. For the most part they originate from the factory founded, in 1627, by Pierre Dupont and Simon Lourdet in an old soap establishment at Chaillot. The carpet, with a trophy of arms and flags and the motto *Nec Pluribus Impar*, on the first floor landing; and a magnificent double-sided screen, are very rare and precious examples. The latter was woven about 1745 and originates from the descendants of Nicolas-Cyprien du Vivier, director of the Savonnerie factory from 1742 to 1775.

There are two Buffon sets of china exhibited in a small room leading from the dining-room. They are perfect examples of their kind; one is painted with birds and has their name and description inscribed on the back of each plate: this comes from the Sèvres factory. The other, from Chantilly, has delicate flower motifs.

Jacques-Nicolas Roettiers, master silversmith of the eighteenth century, executed the celebrated service for Catherine II of Russia that cost 1,200,000 livres, and which she presented to her favourite Prince Orloff. Le Comte Moïse de Camondo managed to procure three superb soup-tureens and four ice buckets from this service. They are exhibited in the dining-room.

The finest pieces of furniture comprise exquisitely proportioned, slender, little tables by Weisweiler; chairs, evincing the Turkish mode of stylisation, by Sené; magnificent commodes and writing desks by Riesener who, in 1774, was appointed cabinet maker to the Crown; finely worked large cabinets by Leleu; Chinese lacquered cupboards by Garnier; and Louis XVI fauteuils by Jacob.

There is so much to be admired in this very complete museum that the visitor has to return several times to view properly the whole collection of masterpieces.

Alexander Watt

CONTINUATIONS

The Guildhall Dinner

The dinner which is to be held at the Guildhall on May 4 in aid of the National Association of Boys' Clubs and at which the Duke of Gloucester is to be present, bids fair to be an immense success and many notabilities, including the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and Lord and Lady Willingdon have made known their intention of being present. The cost of the dinner will be borne by Mr. A. Noel Mobbs, a member of the committee, while other donations have been received from Lord Glanely (£1,000), Lord Wakefield, and Mr. L. S. Amery.

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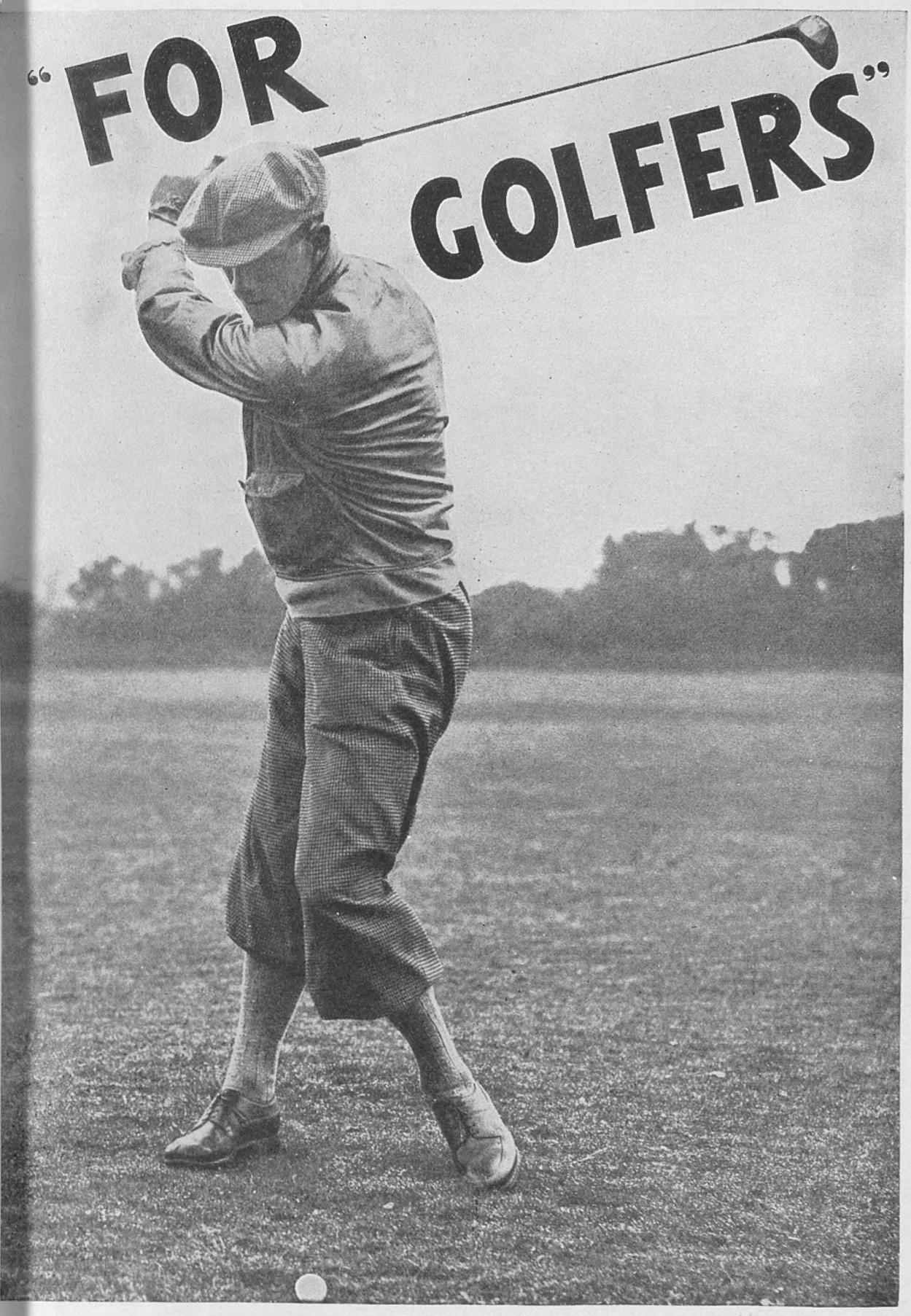

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